

MAY, 1946  
VOL. 6 NO. 2

# Shadow

MONEY'S  
YOUR **10¢** WORTH  
FIFTY TWO  
PAGES

## COMICS



THE SHADOW SOLVES THE RIDDLE OF PROFESSOR MENTALO!

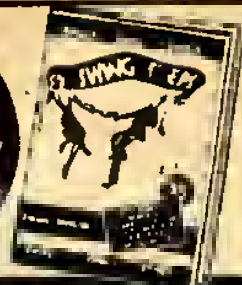
THE ANSWER IS

CRIME DOES NOT PAY





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The NEWEST DANCES  
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Includes RHUMBA, CONGA,  
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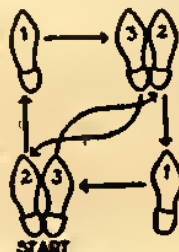
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Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

# The SHADOW

Solves  
The  
Riddle of  
Professor  
Mentalo



BUT, LAMONT, IF MENTALO DOESN'T CHARGE ADMISSION, HOW DOES HE STAY IN BUSINESS?

WE'LL FIND OUT AFTER THE PROFESSOR MAKES HIS PITCH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "PITCH"?

A "PITCH," MARGO IS THE SALE THAT FOLLOWS A GLIB TALK... AND USUALLY THE THING THAT IS SOLD IS WORTHLESS!

TEN DOLLARS, PLEASE, FOR THE MYSTIC COFFER! THE YOUNG LADY WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT!

WHY, THE SIGN SAYS ADMISSION FREE, LAMONT! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PITCH ALREADY!

WE'LL INQUIRE INTO IT, MARGO



BUT  
ADMISSION  
IS FREE...

THE TEN DOLLARS IS  
MERELY A DEPOSIT WHICH  
PEOPLE FORFEIT ONLY IF  
THEY BECOME OBJECTIONABLE.  
IT WILL BE RETURNED  
LATER

HERE'S MY  
TEN. PUT UP  
YOURS, MARGO

YOUR  
RECEIPT,  
SIR!



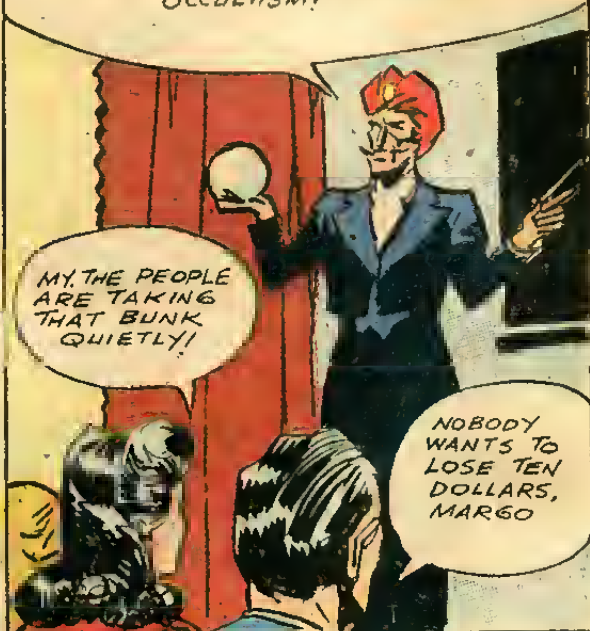
NOW, THE YOUNG LADY WILL BRING  
ON THE MYSTIC COFFER AND I  
SHALL DEMONSTRATE MY  
CLAIRVOYANT FACULTIES WITH  
YOUR OWN MONEY, FOLKS!  
**WITH YOUR OWN  
MONEY!**



IN THE CRYSTAL, I SHALL SEE  
AND NAME THE NUMBERS OF  
TEN DOLLAR BILLS SEALED  
IN THIS COFFER! THE FIRST:  
**B-22836490-K!**



I DO NOT DENY, NEITHER DO I AFFIRM,  
THAT THE MYSTIC AND ESOTERIC  
THAUMATURGY WHICH IS COORDINATE  
WITH DYNAMIC MENTALITY, HAS ANY  
TELEPATHIC SIGNIFICANCE AS  
REGARDS THE SYNCHRONOUS  
INTERPRETATIONS OF PRE-ORDAINED  
OCCULTISM!



MY, THE PEOPLE  
ARE TAKING  
THAT BUNK  
QUIETLY!

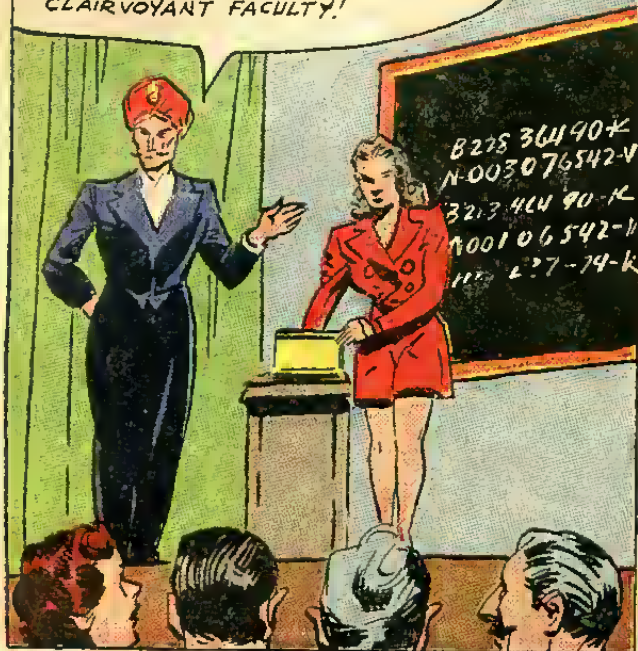
NOBODY  
WANTS TO  
LOSE TEN  
DOLLARS,  
MARGO

N-003076542-V!

N-003076542-V!



THE VISION ENDS! THE YOUNG LADY WILL NOW RETURN THE BILLS TO THE AUDIENCE SO THAT PEOPLE MAY CHECK THE NUMBERS THAT I LEARNED THROUGH MY CLAIRVOYANT FACULTY!



IF THOSE NUMBERS TURN OUT RIGHT, I'LL DROP STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FLOOR!

BETTER GRAB MY ARM TIGHT, MARGO, OTHERWISE YOU'LL DROP!



RECEIPT, PLEASE... AND HERE'S YOUR TEN DOLLARS!

WHY...WHY THIS BILL DOES BEAR A NUMBER THAT MENTALO NAMED!

SO DOES MINE, MARGO



I HIT A NUMBER!

SO DID I!

MY CLAIRVOYANT FACULTIES HAVE BEEN DEMONSTRATED, YOUR MONEY HAS BEEN RETURNED, AND EVERYBODY IS HAPPY! TOMORROW I SHALL BE AT THE PALACE HOTEL GIVING PRIVATE READINGS AT ONE DOLLAR EACH!



HE HIT MY NUMBER...

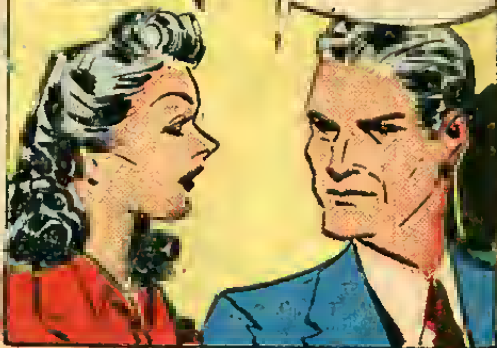
HE HIT EVERY NUMBER!

IT'S AMAZING!

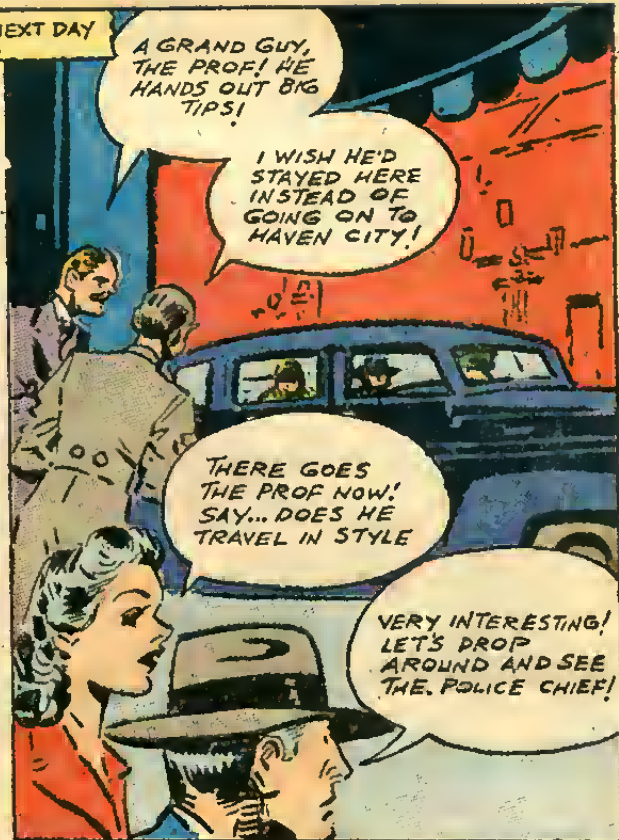
INCREDIBLE!

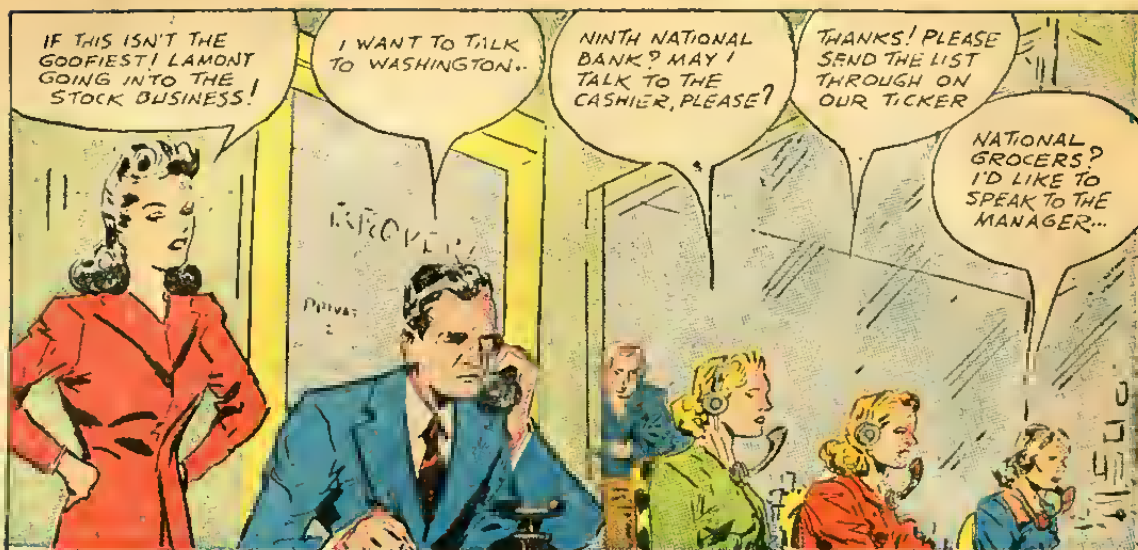
SO THAT'S THE PITCH, SELLING PRIVATE READINGS! WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

TOMORROW, MARGO, WE GO TO THE PALACE HOTEL FOR PRIVATE READINGS!









IF THIS ISN'T THE  
GOODFIEST! LAMONT  
GOING INTO THE  
STOCK BUSINESS!

I WANT TO TALK  
TO WASHINGTON..

NINTH NATIONAL  
BANK? MAY I  
TALK TO THE  
CASHIER, PLEASE?

THANKS! PLEASE  
SEND THE LIST  
THROUGH ON  
OUR TICKER

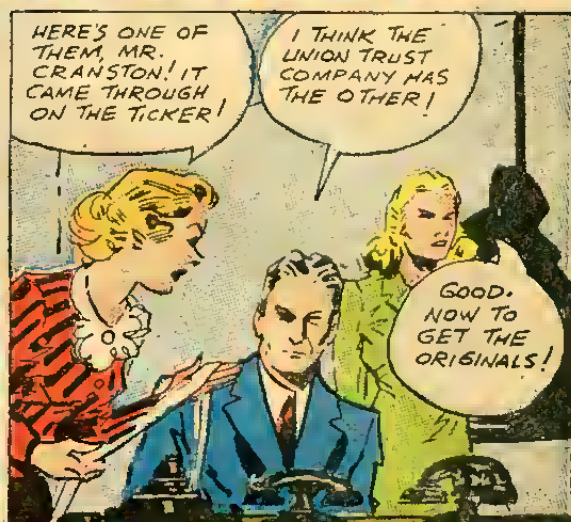
NATIONAL  
GROCERS?  
I'D LIKE TO  
SPEAK TO THE  
MANAGER...



HELLO-  
WASHINGTON-

YES, WE  
RECEIVED  
YOUR LIST-

I'M GOING TO  
HAVEN CITY, AND  
SEE WHAT I CAN  
LEARN ABOUT  
PROFESSOR  
MENTALO!



HERE'S ONE OF  
THEM, MR.  
CRANSTON! IT  
CAME THROUGH  
ON THE TICKER!

I THINK THE  
UNION TRUST  
COMPANY HAS  
THE OTHER!

GOOD.  
NOW TO  
GET THE  
ORIGINALS!



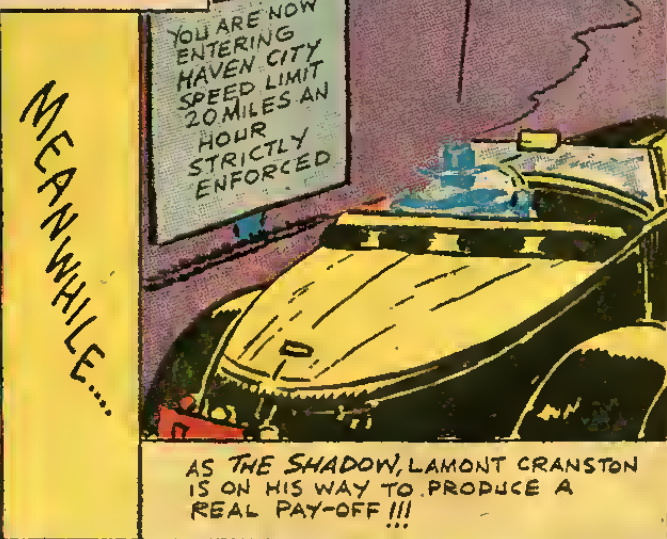
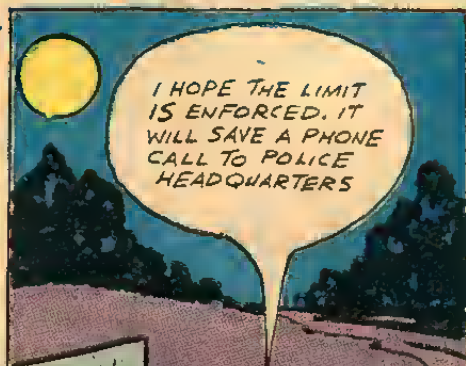
SO THIS IS  
HAVEN CITY.  
NOW TO FIND  
MENTALO!



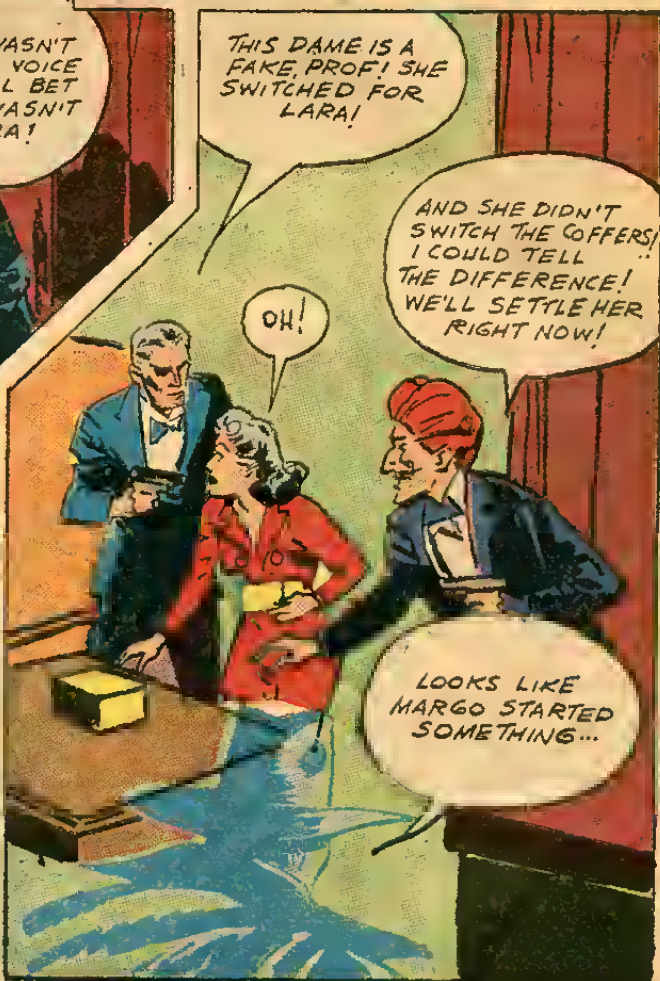
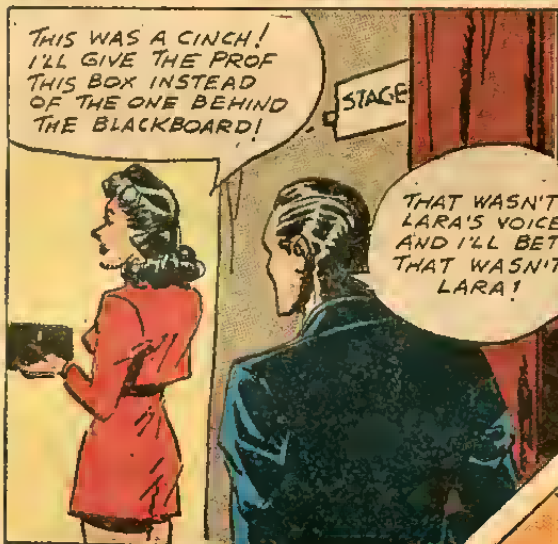
GOOD! I'M  
GOING TO GET  
TO THAT HALL  
AHEAD OF THE  
PROFESSOR!

FREE  
LECTURE  
TONIGHT  
AT EDEN  
HALL  
PROF.  
MENTALO  
HYPNOTIC  
CLAIRVOYANT  
The Man Who  
SEES  
KNOWS  
AND TELLS!  
ADMISSION  
FREE!











—SOMETHING THAT I'LL HAVE TO FINISH!

THAT INVISIBLE DYNAMITE CAN ONLY MEAN THE SHADOW! I'LL DUCK SOMEWHERE WITH THIS COFFER AND LET LAMONT FIND ME!

SOCK

HEY... WHERE'S THAT SPEEDER THAT WE CHASED INTO TOWN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! LOOK AT THOSE TWO GUYS STARTING A GUN FIGHT! LET'S GRAB THEM!

—SOMETHING THAT I'LL HAVE TO FINISH!

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S-O-C-K

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S-O-C-K

HEY... WHERE'S THAT SPEEDER THAT WE CHASED INTO TOWN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! LOOK AT THOSE TWO GUYS STARTING A GUN FIGHT! LET'S GRAB THEM!

I'VE LEARNED MENTALO'S GAME, LAMONT! THE GIRL SWITCHED THE FIRST COFFER FOR THIS ONE. IT MUST CONTAIN THE PROF'S OWN BILLS...THAT'S HOW HE READS THEM!

BUT YOU ONLY GUESSED  
HALF OF IT. THE PROF'S  
OWN BILLS ARE  
COUNTERFEITS! HE  
CIRCULATES THEM  
BY GIVING THEM  
BACK INSTEAD OF  
THE REAL CURRENCY  
FROM THE AUDIENCE!

WE'RE  
FROM  
THE  
F. B. I.

WE'RE TAKING  
THIS MAN ON  
A COUNTERFEIT  
CHARGE

BUT YOU ONLY GUESSED  
HALF OF IT. THE PROF'S  
OWN BILLS ARE  
COUNTERFEITS! HE  
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FROM THE AUDIENCE!

WE'RE  
FROM  
THE  
F. B. I.

WE'RE TAKING  
THIS MAN ON  
A COUNTERFEIT  
CHARGE

LATER

THE WAY MENTALO SLID OUT OF TOWN MADE ME SUSPECT HIS GAME. SO I CALLED BANKS AND EVERYWHERE ELSE TO FIND TWO TEN DOLLAR BILLS WITH THE SAME SERIAL NUMBERS AS THE PAIR HE GAVE US!

AND YOU FOUND THEM! WHY, THAT PROVED THE PROF'S BILLS WERE COUNTERFEITS!

LATER

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**THE SHADOW**  
WILL APPEAR SOON  
IN A MOTION PICTURE

**The**  
**RETURN**  
**of the**  
**SHADOW**

IT'S A MONOGRAM PICTURE

See The Manager  
Of Your Local Movie  
For Dates Of Showing

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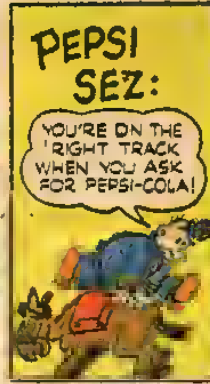
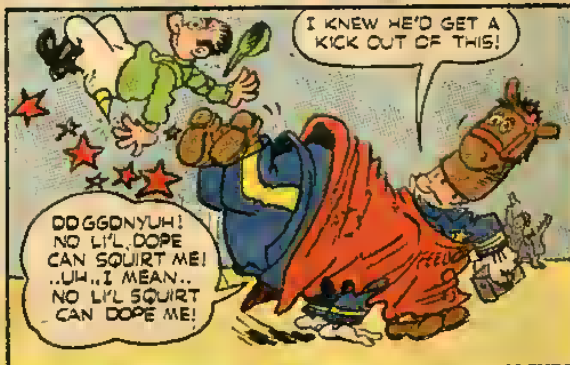
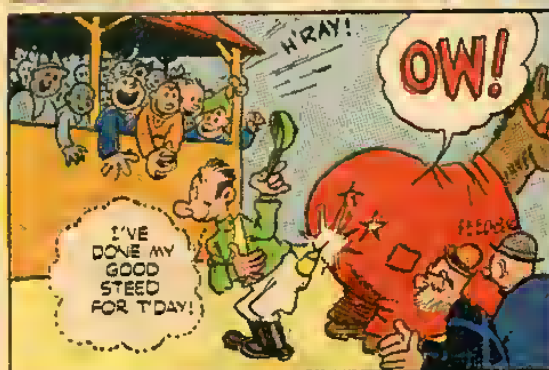
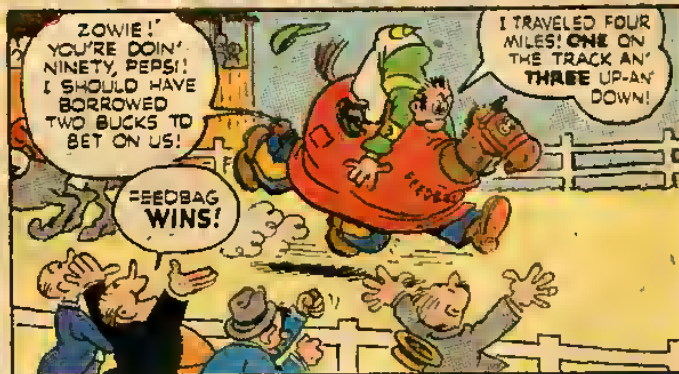
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**RETURN**  
**of the**  
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# "PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP







## NICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE "DEATH WHISTLES . . ."

"It was all I could do to breathe, the arm that encircled my neck tightened—death was near and yet—all I could think of was that eerie horrid sound that had given me my one tiny bit of warning. The other victims had been right. The killer carried him on some object that had this strange whistle or, it might even be that under the stress of his mania, he whistled unconsciously.

"Strange as it may seem," said Nick Carter to the members of the Inner Circle who listened to his latest adventure breathlessly as he went on, "these thoughts were occupying all my attention. Oh, naturally I was fighting with every fibre of strength I possessed but still, that unnameable whistle occupied the forefront of my brain

"I suddenly dropped to my knees and with my last gasp of strength managed to throw the strangler over my head. There was a loud thump as the strangler's body landed on the floor. I gasped blessed gulps of air into my tortured lungs. My head was spinning, starved for oxygen, but still I could hear that faint whistle that wasn't quite a whistle.

"The room that I had been trapped into entering, was still black as night. The whistle seemed to move further away from me. There was a sort of slackening in the darkness. There was no light visible but—I

don't quite know to say it, there suddenly was a lessening of the feeling of oppression and darkness. I realized as the whistle faded away that my attacker had gone thru a door.

"But I had been forced into the room in the darkness with a gun in my back and I had no idea of the layout of the room. As it turned out it was lucky for me that I was as cautious as I was in stepping around the room. I closed my eyes so as to not allow myself to be fooled by my eyes which were starting to smart with the strain of attempting to pierce thru the blackness.

"I couldn't know it at the time but I was playing blind man's bluff for my life. Picture me then, in blackness, eyes closed, carefully feeling my way ahead of me. Suddenly with heart lurching suddenness, my lead foot sank into nothingness. My heart was stuck in my throat as I got down on my hands and knees and felt the floor with my hand. There was nothing in front of me!

"Just as I realized that I was in a death trap, the door swung open and blinding but lovely light flooded in. A cop, one of the men in the group that had accompanied me, had gotten worried and followed me into the building.

"His flashlight showed a gaping hole in the center of the floor of the room. It was at the edge of this that I was crouched. I realized as I looked down into a black pit ten stories deep, that I was in a condemned



building that the wreckers had already gone to work on.

"Believe me," said Nick, "I kept my fingers crossed as I followed the cop out of the room. If I had walked one step in the direction I was going in the blacked out room, I would have wound up a crumpled mass ten stories down.



"As I told you, I had followed this suspicious looking shadowy figure that I spotted on the street, into the building. I knew nothing about the building and just as I stepped in the door a gun was poked in my back and in darkness I was lead into an elevator. Once out of the elevator and in the room, the mysterious figure suddenly grabbed me around the neck and tried to strangle me."

"You had no idea what was behind the attack?" asked Chick, who is Nick's foster son.

"None in the least, we, the cops and I that is, were on the lookout for this man that was held responsible for four deaths in the neighborhood. All we knew was that one man who had escaped the strangler's hands when a car entered a dark street, has told us about the whistling sound that pre-

ceded the killer. Then later, a woman who escaped the strangler told us about the whistle. That was our only clue and it was all I could add to my story.

"We were in a real blind alley. We knew the killer was psychopathic, that he would go on and on, killing, until we got him. We knew too, that the killing urge might be the only way that his mania was obvious. To make it worse, the killings had occurred in Greenwich Village, in New York, a section that has more screwballs to the square inch than any other area in the world.

"We had rounded up four men, all of whom at various times had been seen near the scene of the stranglings. But we had nothing on them except the fact that they were in the neighborhood and had no alibis for the time of the killing.

"After my near escape from death we rounded the four men up again and questioned them for what must have seemed to



them like the thousandth time. They one and all said they were innocent. There was one a big, good looking Irish fellow with a red beard, a flowing artist's tie and a corduroy coat that frankly laughed at us. He said, 'G'wan, I bet you never get the killer. He's probably in some hole somewhere laughing at you.'



"I almost agreed with him. His name was Connors and he said he'd been in this country for six months, all of the time in the Village. Then there was a man named Smythe, a bookkeeper who was very worried about what his wife would say, and a man who looked like a punch drunk fighter named Ravell. The fourth was a weird looking professional Villager who made a scanty living selling his poems to visitors. His name was Marouche.

"We were all feeling tired. I asked one of the cops to run out and get us some coffee and if he couldn't do that, to try and get some cokes. While we waited for him I went all over the crime again. We went over the futility of the crimes, the fact that there was no connecting threads between the murders, all of which made me positive that it was a maniacal killer that we were faced with.



"The cop came back with the cokes and left them in a bag on the table. Connors asked me if he could have some. He said, 'Talking's thirsty work and altho' I'd like some beer to wet my whistle I'll take pop as second best.'

"I nodded to him to go again. As he went to the table he asked, 'Shall I take

them all out of the paper sack?' I nodded again.

"Picture us then. Four men, one of whom was the killer as I realized in a couple of seconds, two cops and myself, all sitting around drinking soda as if we were the best of friends. Two things told me that the killer was there. One was a verbal clue, the other was the fact that I heard the whistle. Faint it was, so faint that not a soul beside me noticed it . . ."

Nick looked at Chick who had a grin on his face like the cat that swallowed the very fat canary. "You've spotted him?" asked Nick.

Chick nodded. The other members scowled with concentration, but as usual, the Carter family had beat them to the solution. Sue was annoyed and looked it. "Stop looking like a mutual admiration society and let us in on it! You, Chick! What are you grinning about?"

"The verbal clue! Don't you see? One of them men said he'd only lived in this country for a while and that in New York! Well, he was lying and since he was lying about that he was suspicious!"

Nick took over from Chick and said, "Connors called soda-pop, which is a typical midwesternism that you never hear in New York. The clincher to me tho', was when he called a paper bag a sack! I've never heard THAT, east of the Mississippi!"

Nick looked thoughtful for a moment and then went on, "I don't suppose I would even have tied up that whistle which was really just the ghost, of a ghost of a whistle with the killer's whistle at all if it hadn't been for those two verbal slips. You see, later we found out, that the killer had strangled some people in Cleveland before coming to New York. His guilty conscience made him lie about coming from Ohio!"

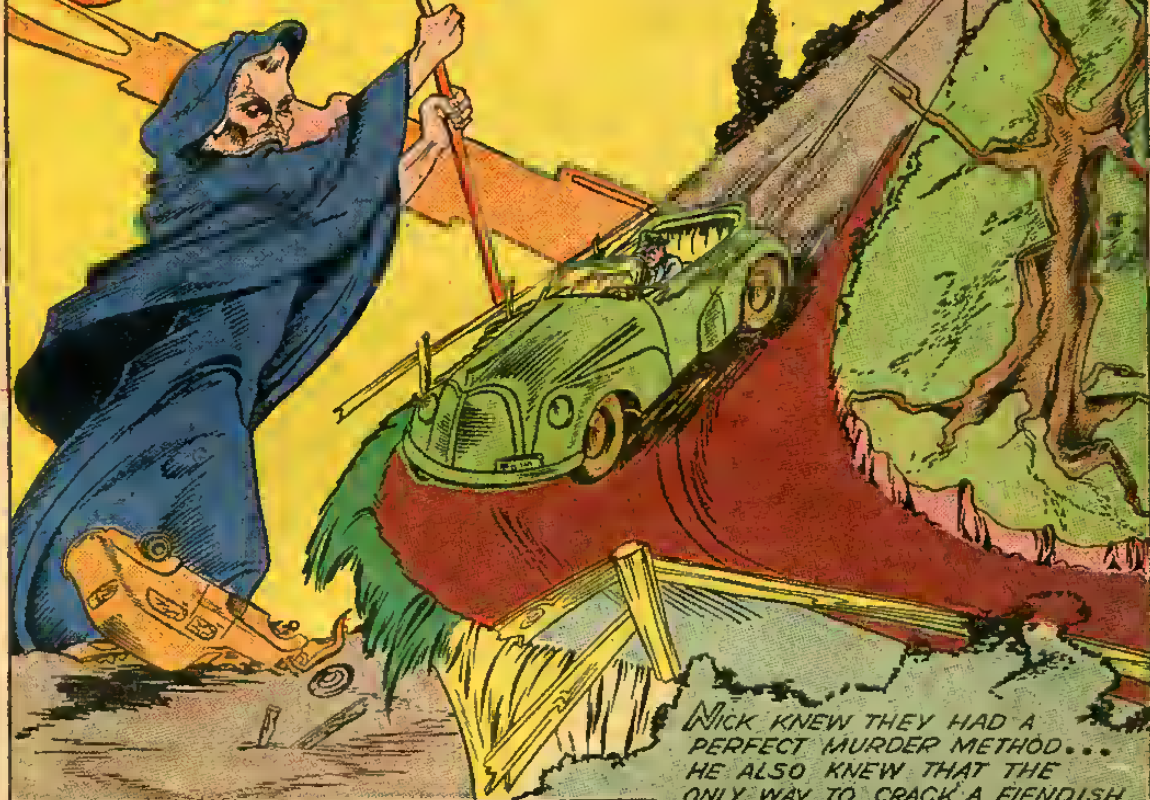
"But the whistle? What was that?" asked Beef worriedly.

Nick was putting his hat and coat on as he answered. The meeting was over for the month. "The whistle and I never would have figured it out if I hadn't seen Connors in his coat was that peculiar sluffing whistle that two areas of corduroy make when they rub together! He, wearing the coat wasn't even conscious of the sound that captured him!"



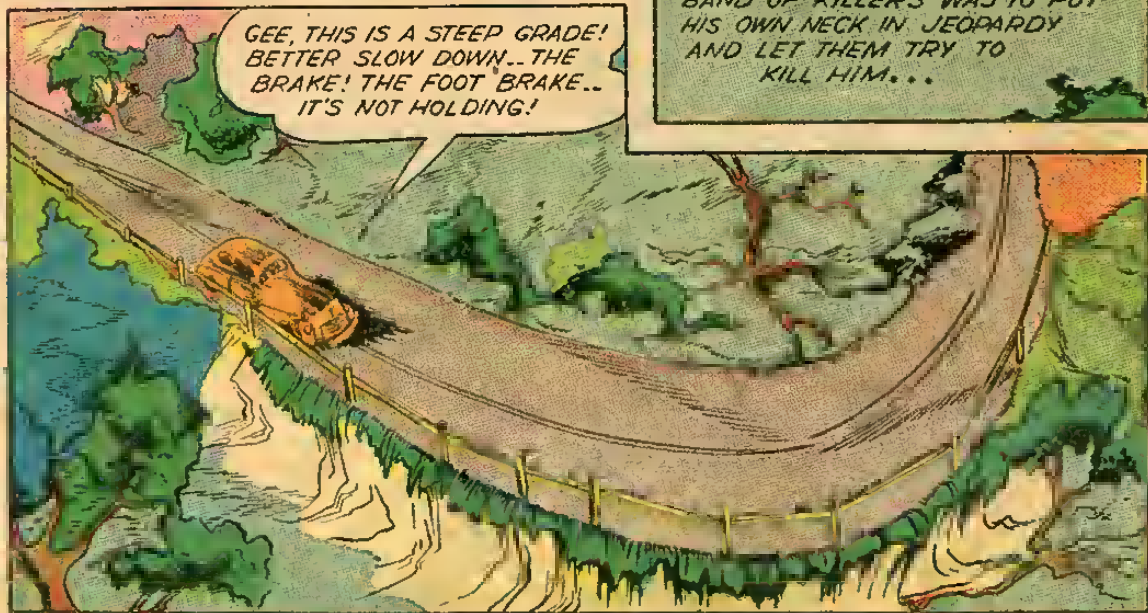
# NICK CARTER

## *Sudden and Death*

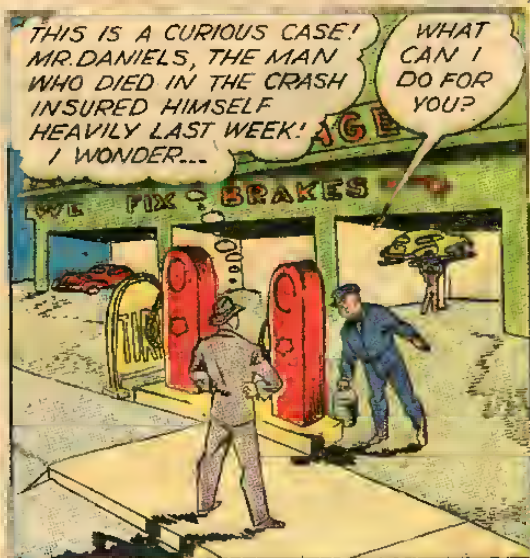
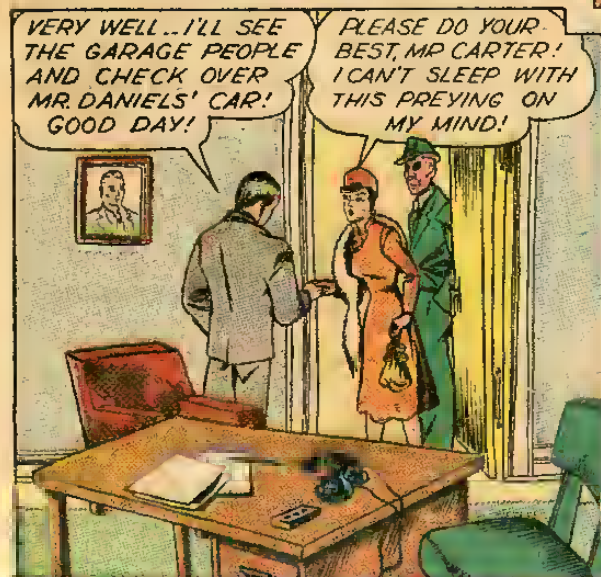
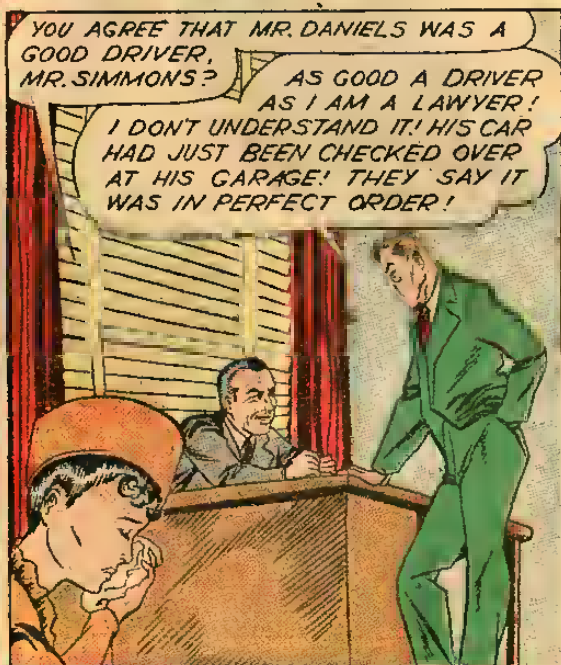
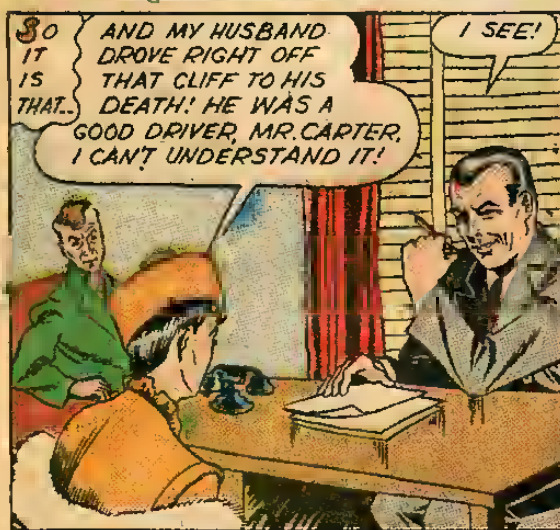
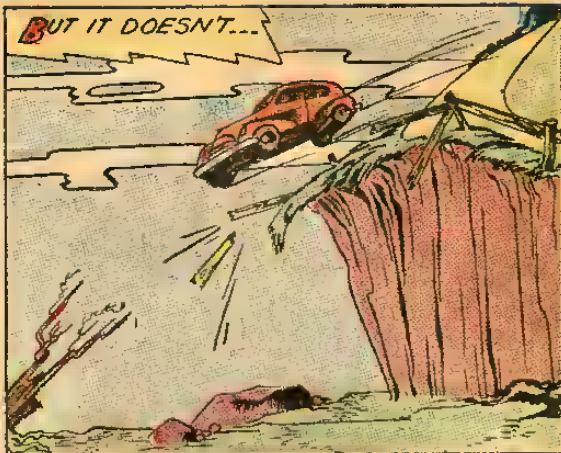


NICK KNEW THEY HAD A  
PERFECT MURDER METHOD...  
HE ALSO KNEW THAT THE  
ONLY WAY TO CRACK A FIENDISH  
BAND OF KILLERS WAS TO PUT  
HIS OWN NECK IN JEOPARDY  
AND LET THEM TRY TO  
KILL HIM...

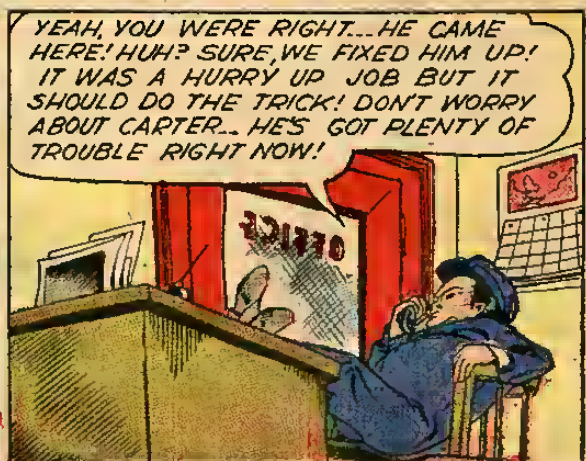
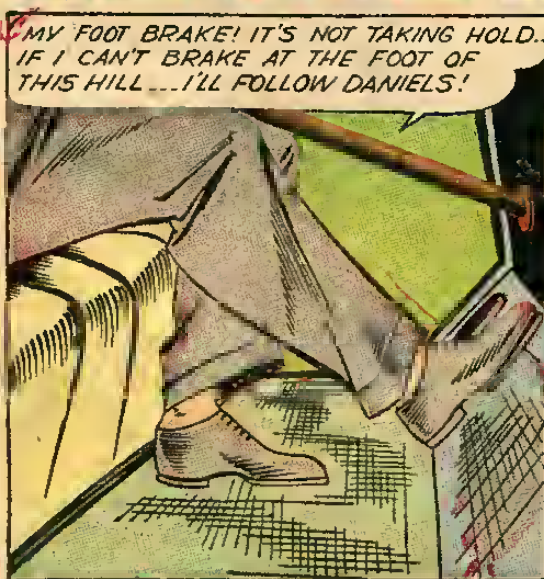
GEE, THIS IS A STEEP GRADE!  
BETTER SLOW DOWN...THE  
BRAKE! THE FOOT BRAKE...  
IT'S NOT HOLDING!









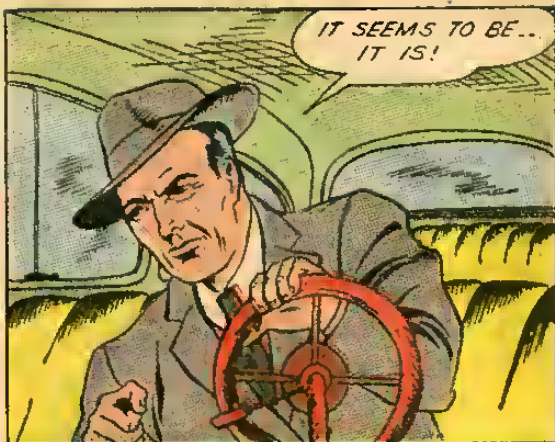






THAT HE HAS FOR...

IF MY HAND BRAKE  
DOESN'T HOLD...



IT SEEMS TO BE...  
IT IS!



SCREEECH!!

WHEW! THEY GRABBED  
RIGHT AT THE EDGE  
OF THE ABYSS!



I MISSED HIS FATE BY INCHES! LET'S SEE,  
THEY WERE ABLE TO GIMMICK MY CAR IN  
JUST THE TIME I TALKED TO THE GARAGE  
MAN... ALL THEY COULD DO WAS LOUSE UP  
MY FOOT BRAKE! IF THEY'D HAD TIME TO  
FOCUS MY HANDBRAKE I'D  
BE DOWN THERE... PHEW!



THEY'RE SHREWD ENOUGH SO  
THERE WON'T BE ANY EVIDENCE  
IN THE CAR, I'M SURE!

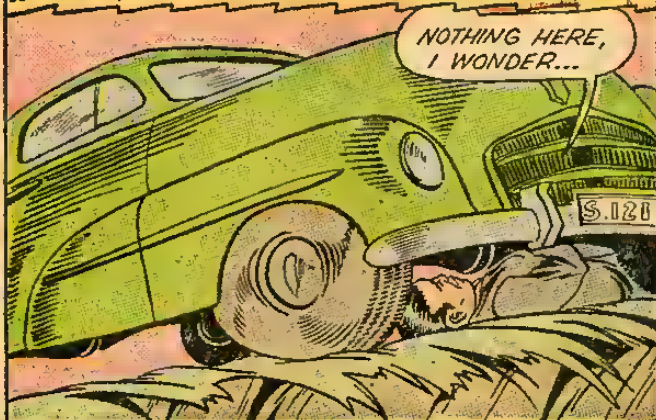


WHAT A DOPE I AM! OF COURSE THERE  
WOULDN'T BE ANY EVIDENCE DOWN HERE!  
NOW... IT'S MY CAR THAT HAS THE  
EVIDENCE! I'LL HAVE TO  
HURRY IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



HURRYING, SCRAMBLING, NICK MAKES HIS WAY BACK...

NOTHING HERE,  
I WONDER...



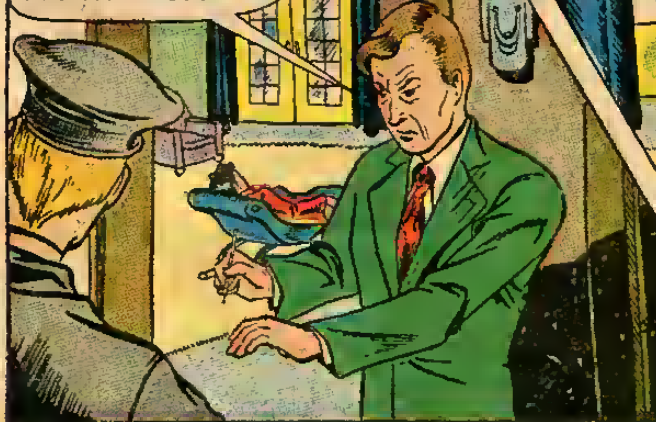
IT CAN ONLY BE ONE OF TWO PEOPLE WHO BRIBED  
THOSE GARAGE MEN TO SET THE MURDER TRAP..  
HOW CAN I FIND OUT WHICH IT IS? AH! I HAVE IT!



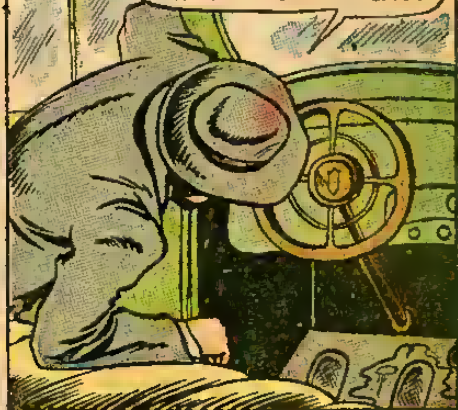
MR. SIMMONS AND MRS. DANIELS  
ARE SURPRISED TO GET...

MR. SIMMONS? MRS. DANIELS? WILL  
YOU SIGN FOR THESE PACKAGES?

PACKAGES? I DIDN'T ORDER  
ANYTHING, DID YOU  
MRS. DANIELS?

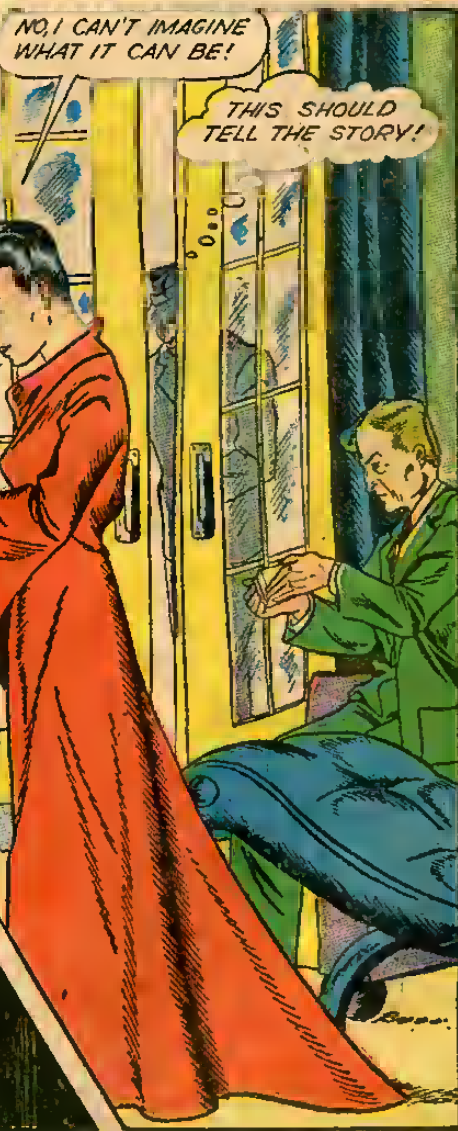


TOO LATE! THAT STAIN IS THE ONLY  
EVIDENCE! WHAT A FIENDISH IDEA!  
AND IT CAME SO CLOSE TO  
WORKING! WELL, NOW AT  
LEAST I KNOW THE 'ME-  
CHANICS OF THE GAG!

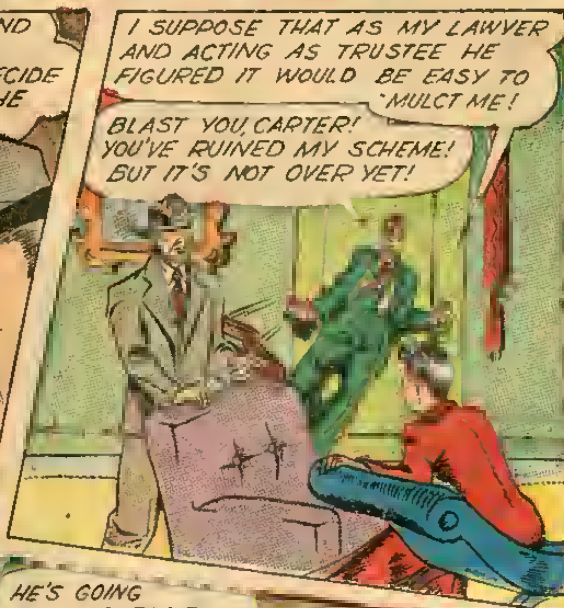
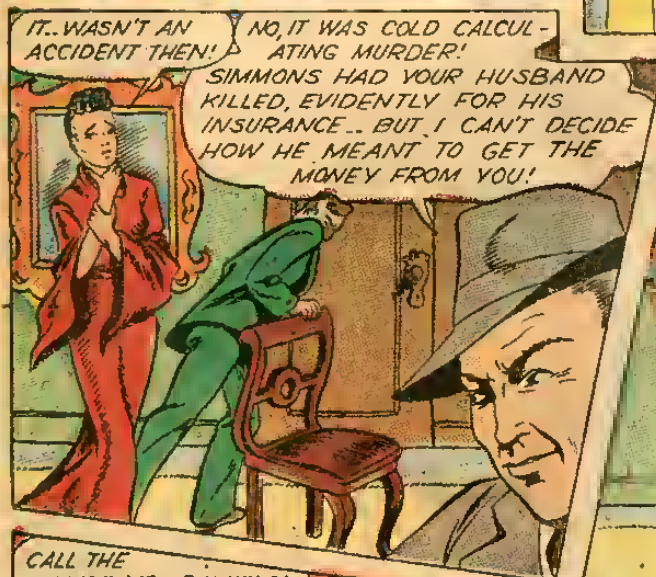
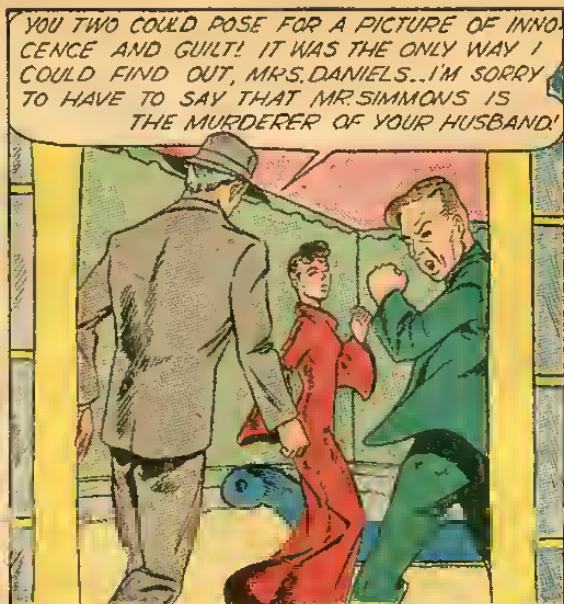


NO, I CAN'T IMAGINE  
WHAT IT CAN BE!

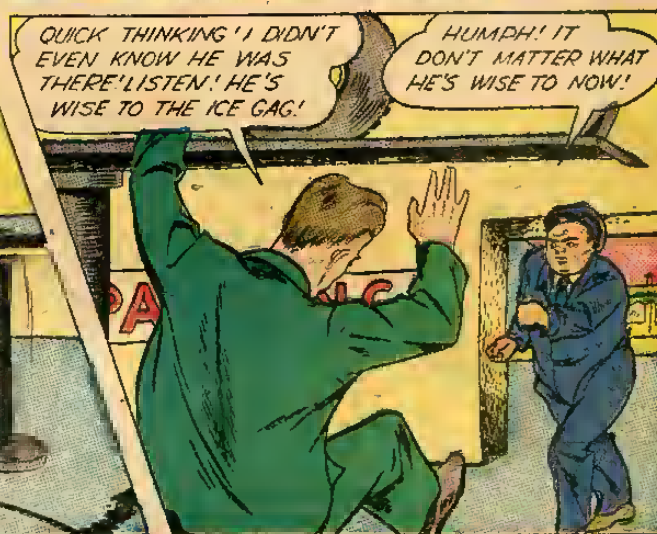
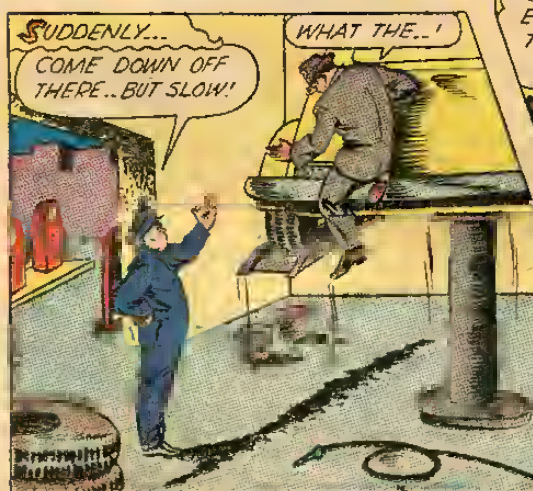
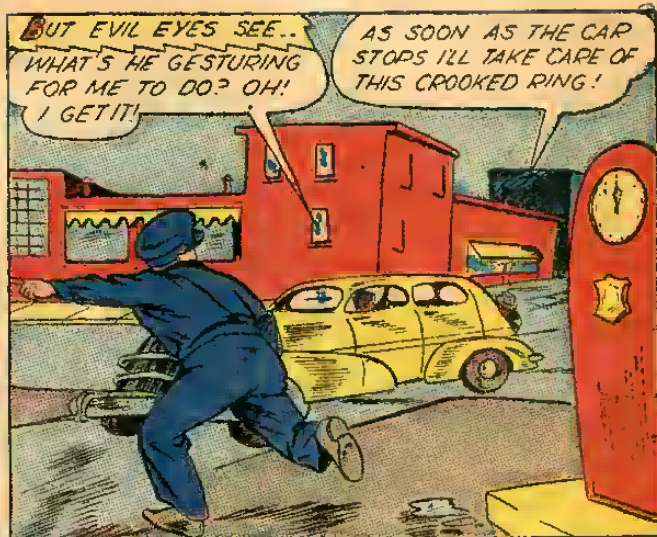
THIS SHOULD  
TELL THE STORY!



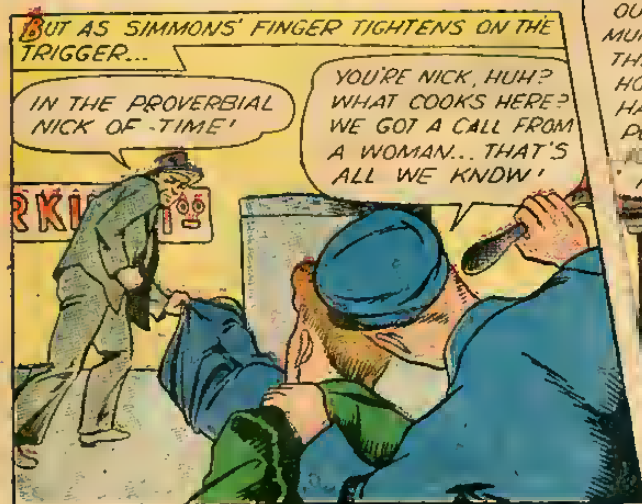
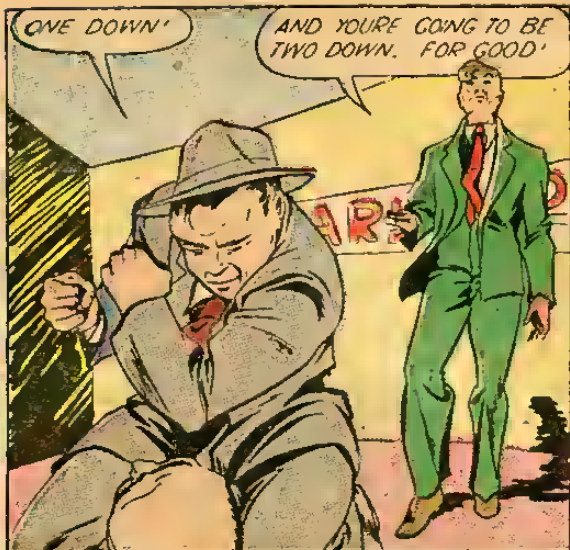






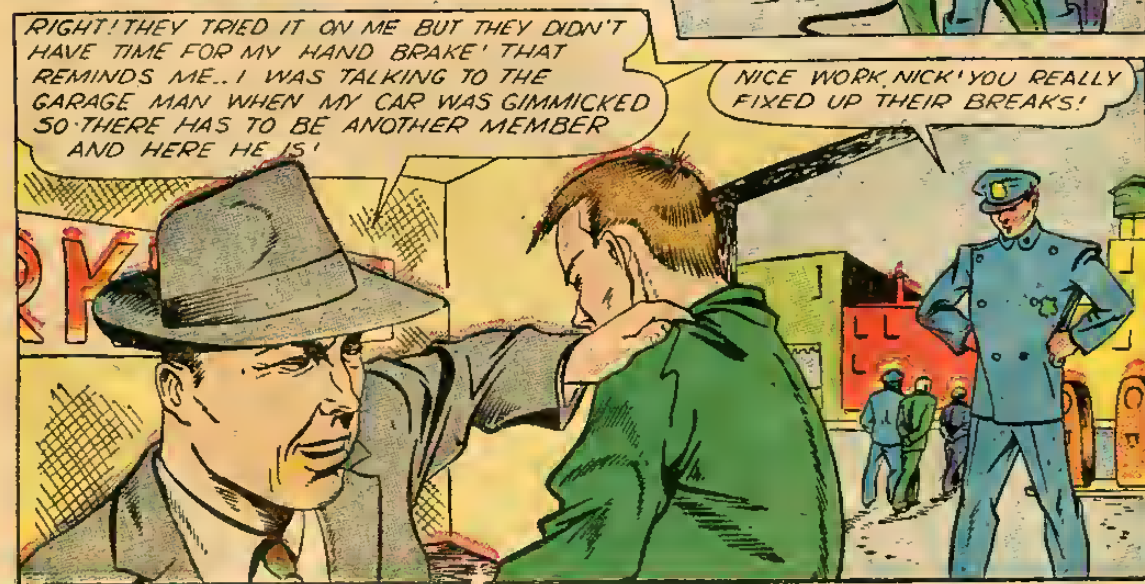






THESE TWO WORKED OUT A PERFECT MURDER METHOD! THE GARAGE MAN HOCUSSED DANIELS' HAND BRAKE AND PUT A PIECE OF ICE UNDER HIS FOOT BRAKE...

YIPE! SO WHEN DANIELS PRESSED DOWN ON HIS BRAKE THE ICE PROPPED IT UP AND, BY THE TIME WE SAW THE CAR THE ICE HAD MELTED!



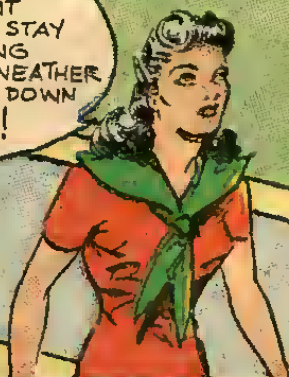


# The Shadow Foils The Talon's Trap

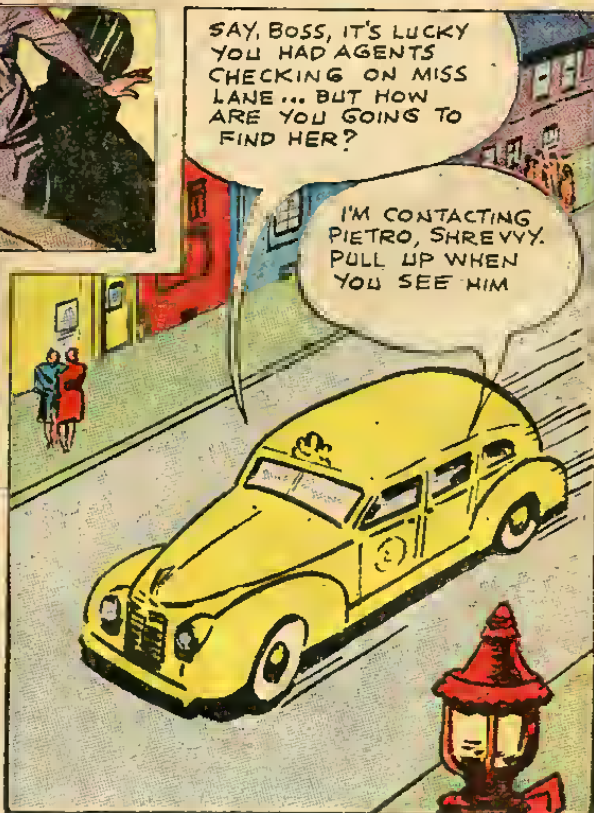
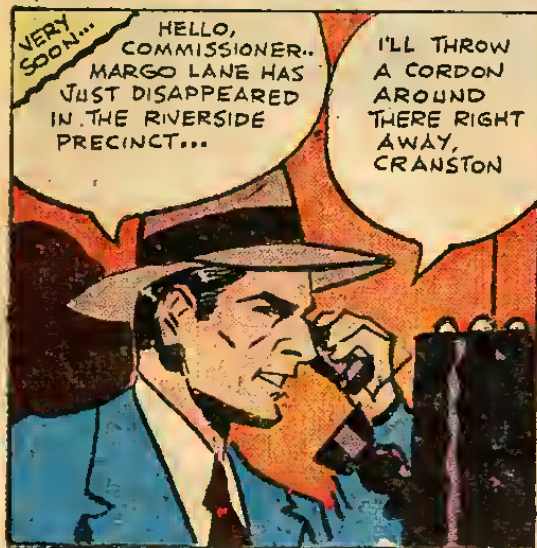
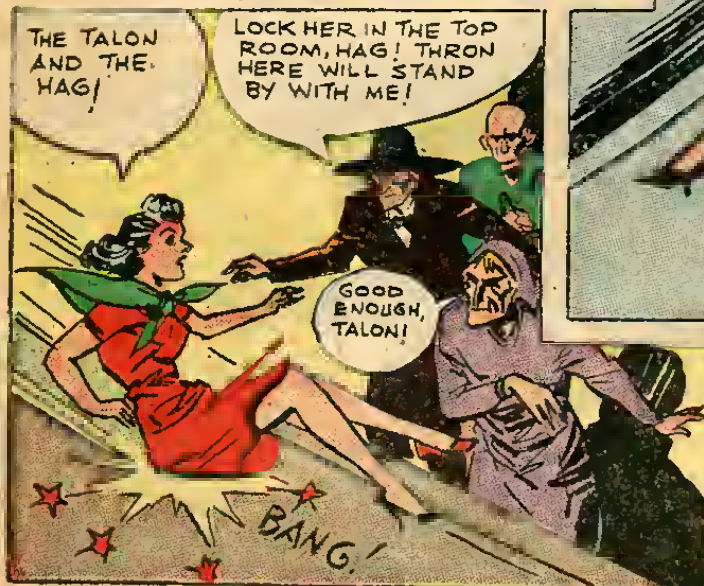


THOSE INSIDIOUS PLOTTERS,  
THE TALON AND THE HAG,  
ARE NOW IN THE CITY,  
ARRANGING TROUBLE  
FOR THE SHADOW  
AND NOT CARING IF  
HE KNOWS IT!!!

SILLY OF LAMONT  
TO TELL ME TO STAY  
INDOORS DURING  
SUCH LOVELY WEATHER  
FOR A STROLL DOWN  
BY THE RIVER!

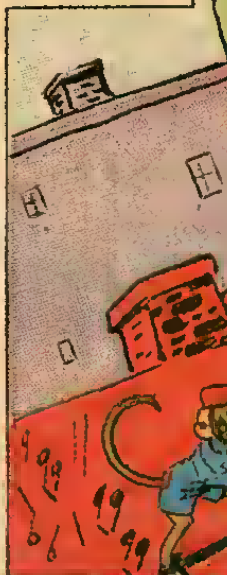
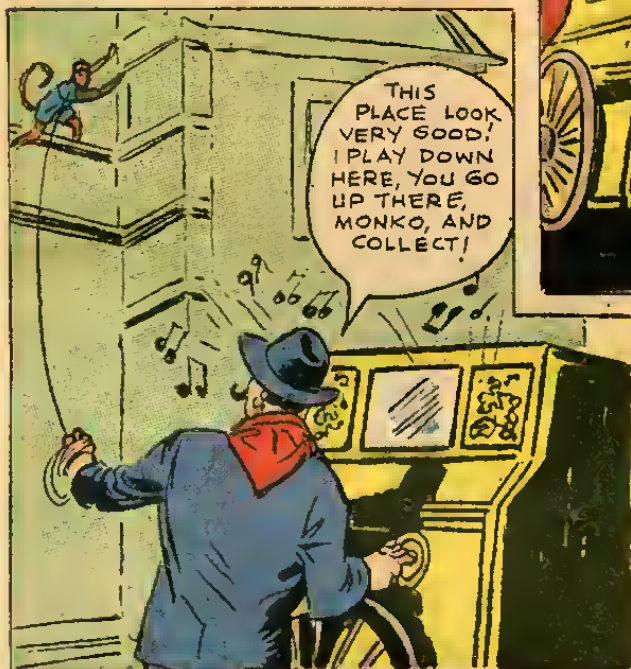




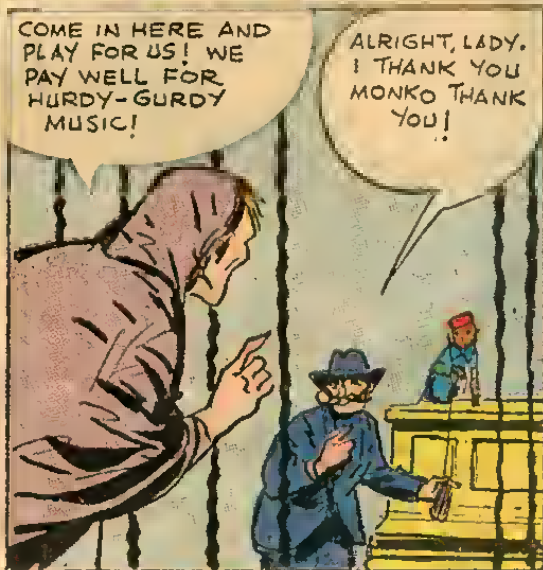
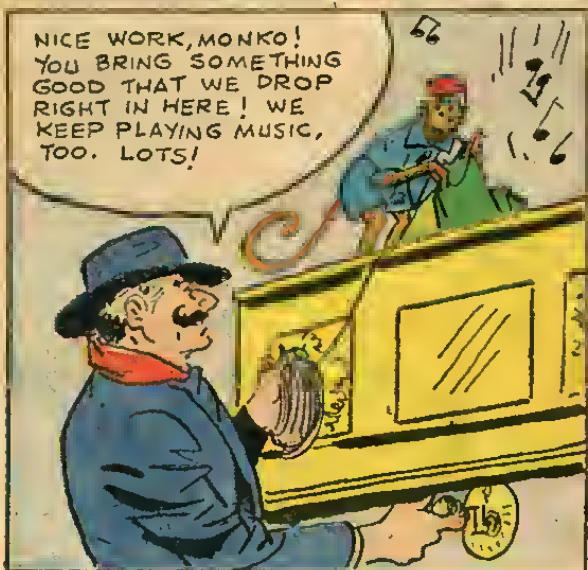
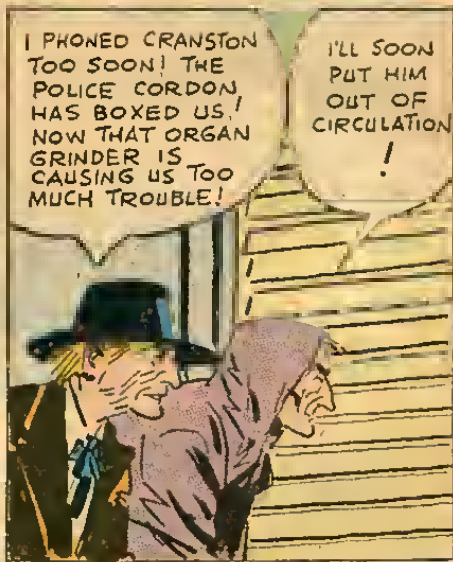
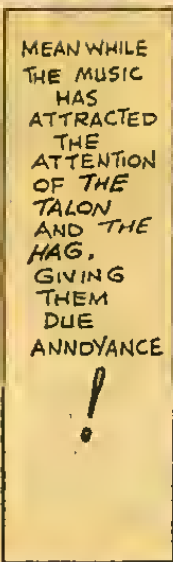




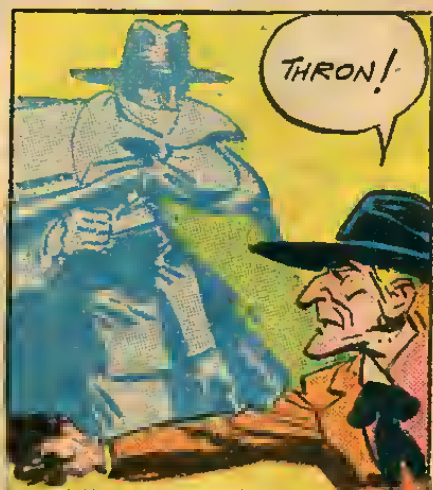
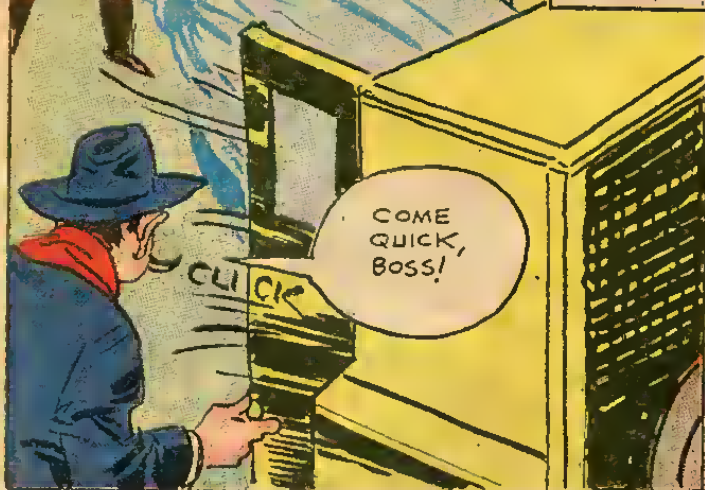
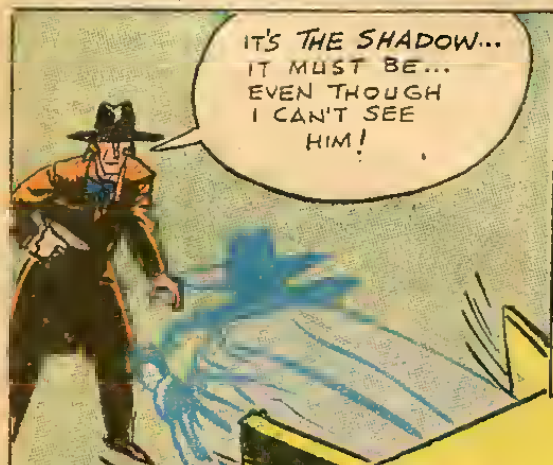
LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW!!!



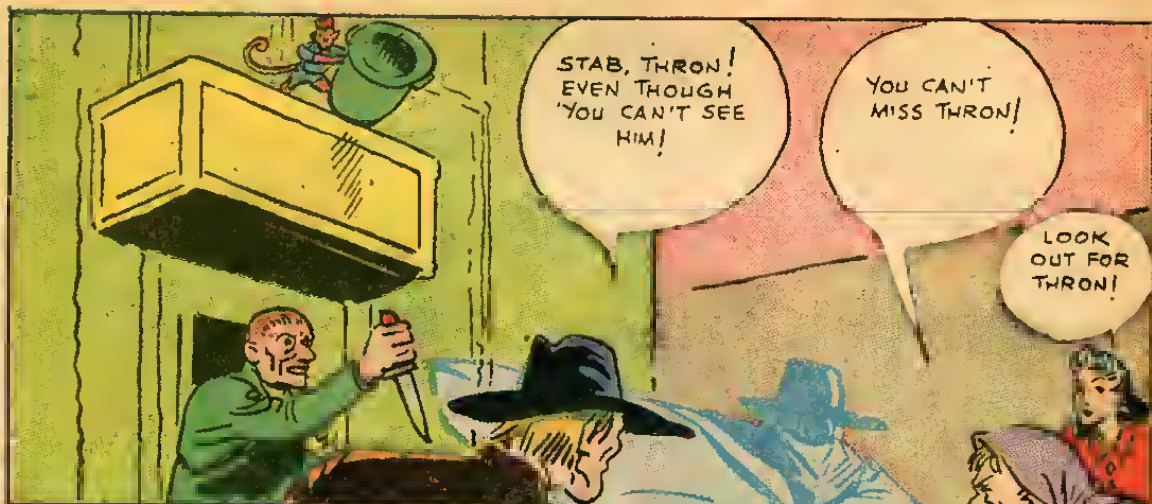




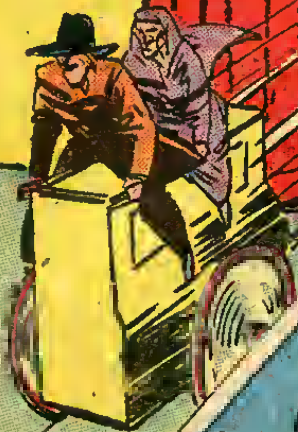












I'M NOT  
WORRYING,  
TALON. WE  
CAN ALWAYS  
FIND MORE  
LIKE HIM!

TOO LATE  
TO STOP  
THEM,  
NOW!

HANG ON  
TIGHT, HAG!  
DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT  
THRON!

AND  
WHATEVER  
SPEED IT  
HAS, MAKE  
IT SHOW  
IT!

RIGHT INTO  
OUR WAITING  
SPEED-BOAT!

S PLASH





WHEN THE SHADOW HAS RESUMED  
HIS GUISE OF CRANSTON...

ALRIGHT,  
COMMISSIONER

THOSE OTHERS GOT AWAY  
BUT WE'LL TAKE THIS MAN  
TO HEADQUARTERS

BUT WHY DID  
MONKO, TAKE MY  
SCARF AND GIVE  
ME THE KEY?

FOR THE SAME  
REASON HE DROPPED  
THE FLOWER-POT  
ON THRON AND  
TOOK THE KNIFE

YOU SEE, PIETRO  
HAS TRAINED MONKO  
TO MAKE CHANGE  
FOR DOLLAR BILLS  
AND GIVE SILVER  
IN RETURN...

SO I SENT HIM  
WITH A SKELETON  
KEY TO FIND  
YOUR GREEN  
SCARF AND  
SWAP!

AND WHEN  
MONKO SAW  
THRON'S GLITTERING  
KNIFE, HE  
REVERSED THE  
DEAL BY GIVING  
THRON THE  
GREEN FLOWER-  
POT AND TAKING  
THE SHINY KNIFE!  
I SEE NOW!

YOU SEE? I HAND  
MONKO A DOLLAR  
AND HE GIVE ME  
BACK SILVER!

AND JUST  
FOR THAT,  
WE'LL BUY  
YOU A NEW  
HURDY-  
GURDY,  
PIETRO

YOU  
GUESS  
RIGHT,  
LADY!

A HAND-PAINTED  
JOB WITH ALL  
THE EXTRA  
MUSIC ROLLS  
YOU WANT!

MOVE  
ALONG,  
YOU!

You'll Be Thrilled By  
**THE RETURN**  
of  
**THE SHADOW**

Monogram Picture

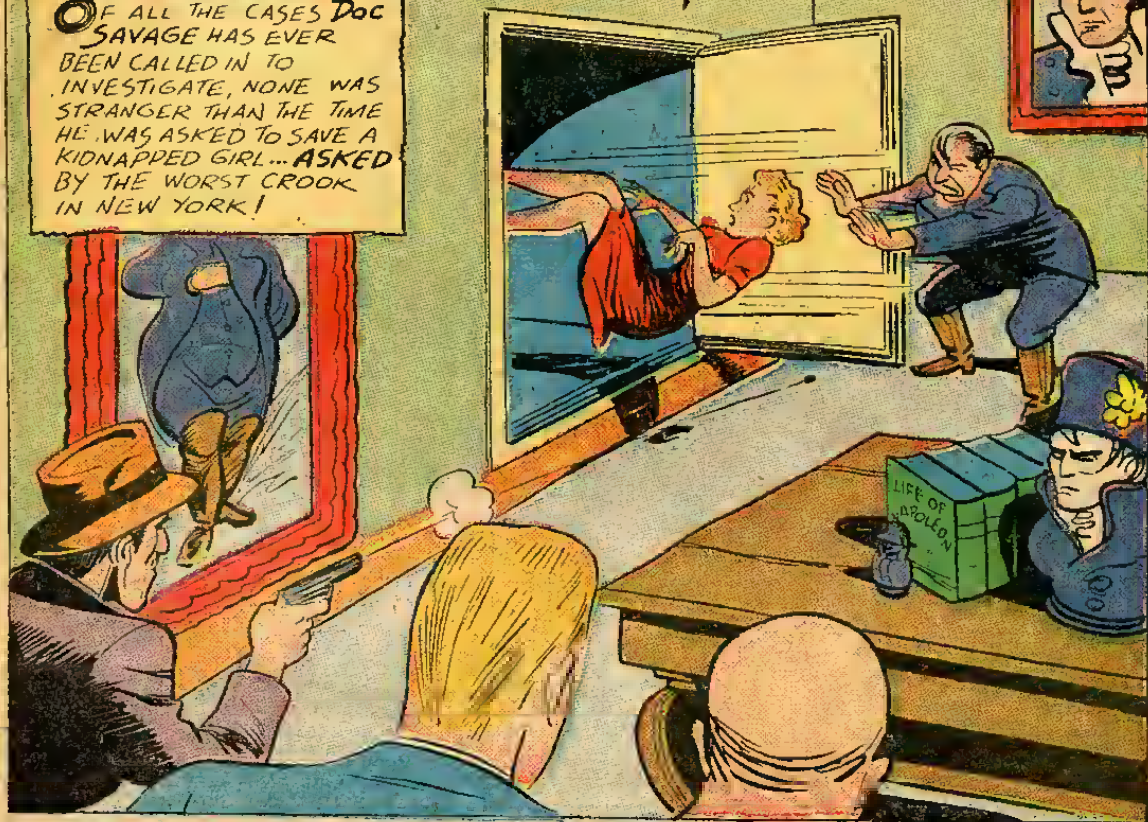
See The Manager Of Your  
Local Movie For Dates Of  
Showing



# DOC SAVAGE

in NAPOLEON of CRIME

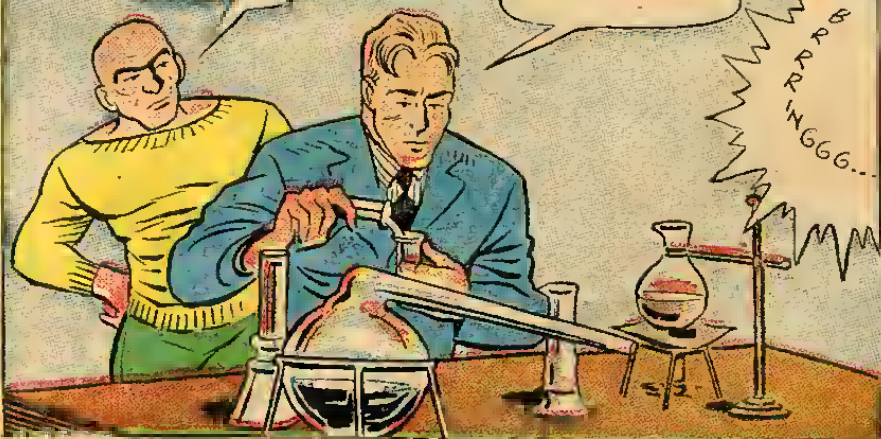
OF ALL THE CASES DOC SAVAGE HAS EVER BEEN CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE, NONE WAS STRANGER THAN THE TIME HE WAS ASKED TO SAVE A KIDNAPPED GIRL... ASKED BY THE WORST CROOK IN NEW YORK!



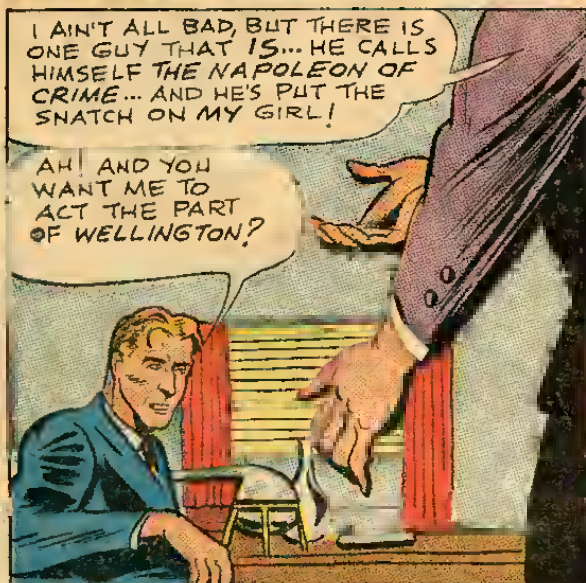
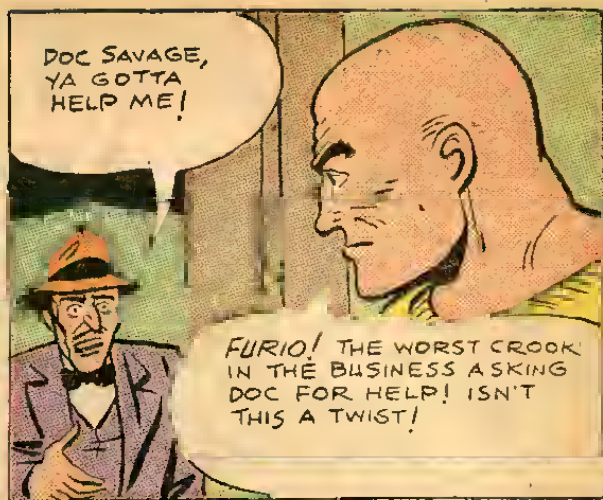
THE  
LABORATORY  
OF THE  
WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
SCIENTIFIC  
BRAIN.  
**DOC  
SAVAGE....**

GEE, I'M GLAD HAM WILL BE COMING HOME NEXT MONTH, I'VE MISSED THE OLD HORSE.

SO VE I! IS THAT THE DOOR BELL?









DOC'S KNOWLEDGE OF LOCK PICKING  
WOULD HAVE MADE HOUDINI LOOK  
LIKE AN AMATEUR...

GEE... YOU AIN'T BAD... I  
COULD USE YOU IN MY  
BUSINESS...

QUIET! I  
HEAR A  
SOUND  
INSIDE...

THIS LOOKS BAD!  
TAKE IT EASY, MONK.  
THIS NAPOLEON LOOKS  
PARANOID... HE'S  
CAPABLE OF ANYTHING...

YEAH, WELL HE  
BETTER LOOK  
OUT FOR FURIO...  
HE'S MAD!

WHO DARES ENTER  
THESE PREMISES?  
FURIO! SO...

STOP, YOU  
MANIAC, OR  
I'LL PLUG  
YOU...

HELP!  
HELP!

I  
DIDN'T  
THINK...

DON'T, YOU FOOL...  
IF THE GIRL'S IN THERE,  
YOU MAY HIT HER!

I HIT HIM...  
LOOK, HE'S  
WOUNDED!

YES, BUT LOOK  
WHAT HE'S  
DOING WITH  
THE GIRL...  
STOP OR...

FURIO, YOU FOOL...  
YOU GOT ME... ME,  
THE NAPOLEON OF  
CRIME... AH... WHAT  
A TRAGEDY...

DON'T HAVE ANOTHER  
CRIME ON YOUR CONSCIENCE...  
WHAT'S THE COMBINATION  
OF THE SAFE?





I... I CAN'T  
HEAR A  
SOUND...

VOW...VOW  
...OH...  
CONS...

NO USE...  
HE'S DEAD...



OF COURSE YOU  
COULDN'T HEAR ANY  
SOUND THRU THOSE  
WALLS... WE MUST HURRY...  
THAT IS AIRTIGHT... WE  
HAVEN'T LONG IF WE'RE  
TO SAVE THE GIRL

NOT MUCH  
IN HIS  
POCKETS...



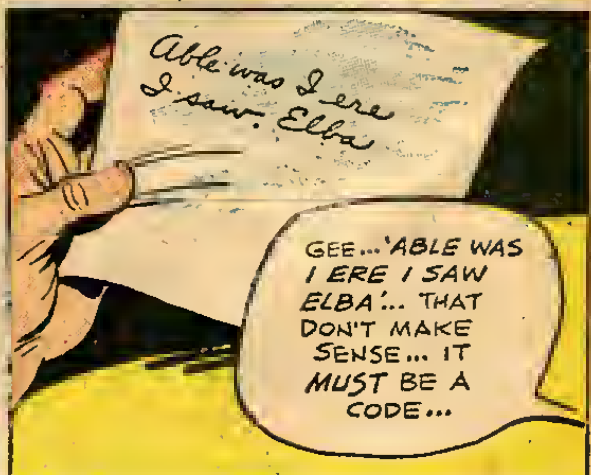
DOC, DOC...  
YOU CAN  
OPEN  
LOCKS!  
OPEN  
THIS!  
ONE!

THERE'S A SLIGHT  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A  
DOOR LOCK AND A SAFE  
WITH A COMBINATION  
LOCK... I'M AFRAID NO  
ONE CAN OPEN THAT  
WITHOUT THE  
COMBINATION...



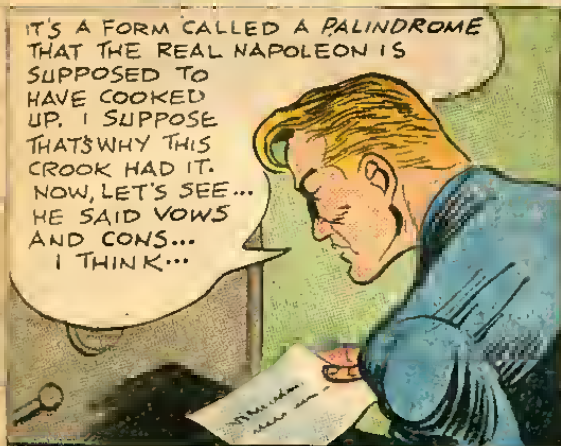
DOC! LOOK'A WHAT  
I FOUND ON HIM...  
THIS MESSAGE...  
DO YOU THINK  
IT'S A CODE FOR  
THE SAFE?

LEMME  
SEE!

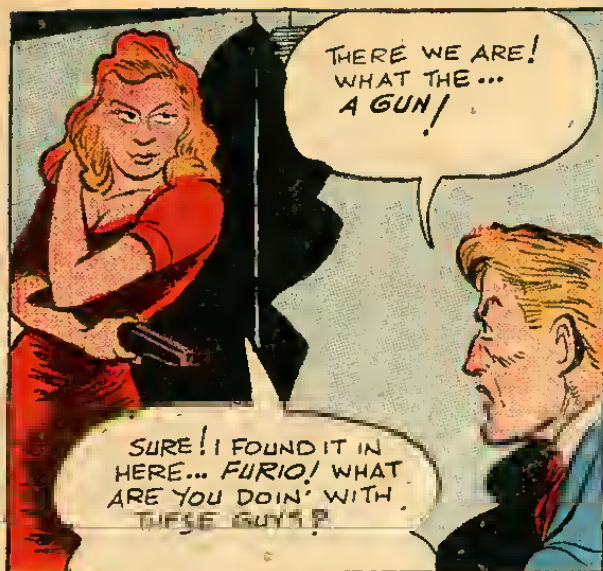


GEE... 'ABLE WAS  
I ERE I SAW  
ELBA'... THAT  
DON'T MAKE  
SENSE... IT  
MUST BE A  
CODE...











# FLATTY FOOTE

"Three Little Pigs!"



THE LITTLE OLD MAN, WHO RECITED NURSERY RHYMES AS HE BROKE THE LAW, HAD GOTTEN ON FLATTY'S NERVES... ALSO, IT MUST BE ADMITTED HE HAD GOTTEN FLATTY'S GOAT...

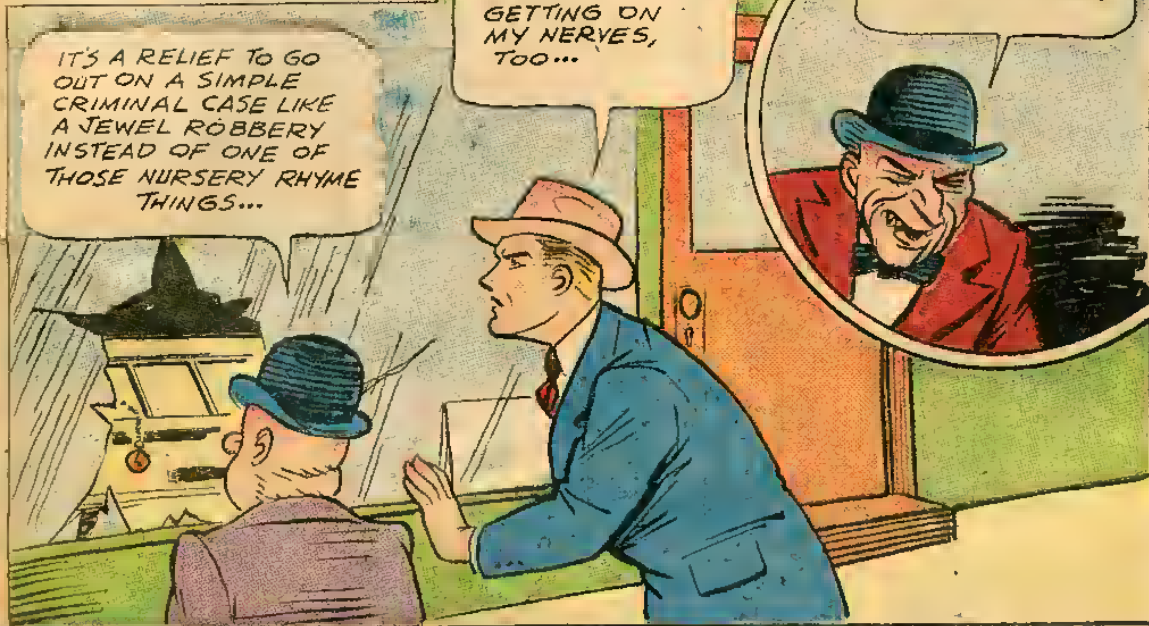
FLATTY NEVER EXPECTED TO HAVE HIS GOAT RETURNED TO HIM...

WHEN THE LITTLE OLD MAN DISAPPEARED LAST MONTH, FLATTY HOPED HE'D NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN... BUT ALAS...

IT'S A RELIEF TO GO OUT ON A SIMPLE CRIMINAL CASE LIKE A JEWEL ROBBERY INSTEAD OF ONE OF THOSE NURSERY RHYME THINGS...

UMM, ALL THAT HIDDLEDLE WAS GETTING ON MY NERVES, TOO...

HEH HEH, SO I HAVE GOTTEN THEIR GOAT, EH?







BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP, HAVE YOU ANY WOOL? YES, SIR.. YES, SIR,, THREE BAGS FULL. HEH, HEH!

THAT VOICE? NO... IT MUST BE A NIGHTMARE!



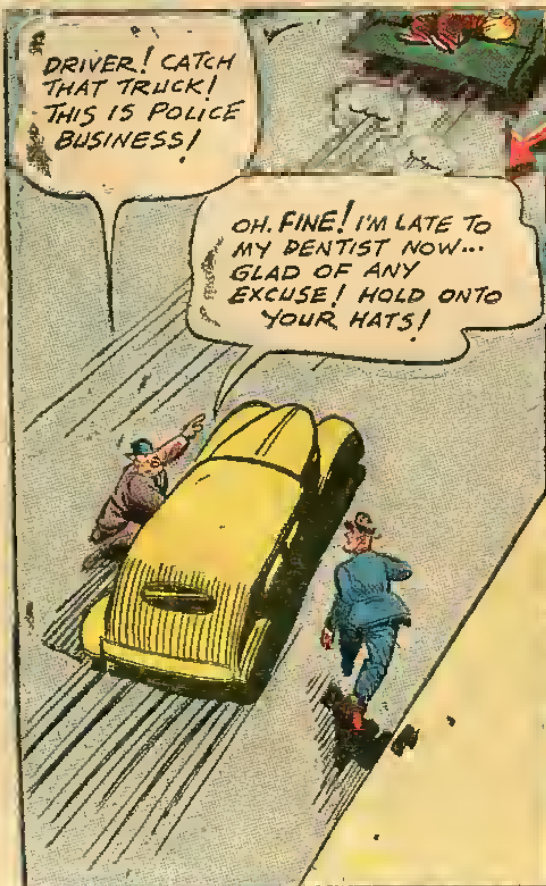
IT'S THE CROOKED OLD MAN AGAIN!

YES! IT REQUIRED NO GREAT DEDUCTIVIAL STRAIN TO FIGURE THAT OUT!



MAYBE I DIDN'T GET THREE BAGS FULL, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST! ONLY TWO TO GO!

GOTTA NAB HIM... THIS CAN'T GO ON!



DRIVER! CATCH THAT TRUCK! THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS!

OH, FINE! I'M LATE TO MY DENTIST NOW... GLAD OF ANY EXCUSE! HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS!




A WHIRLING, CAREENING RACE...

ONE TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE .. THREE FOUR, SHUT THE DOOR..

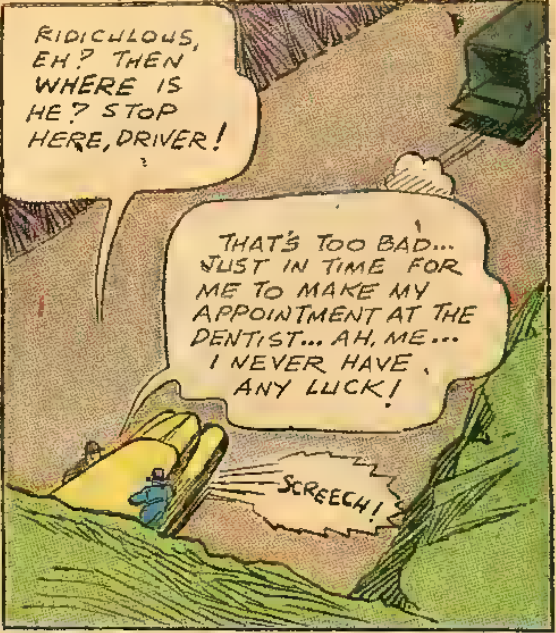
SHUT WHAT DOOR? HEY, IS HE GETTING READY TO SCRAM?





NONSENSE!  
THAT'S  
RIDICULOUS!

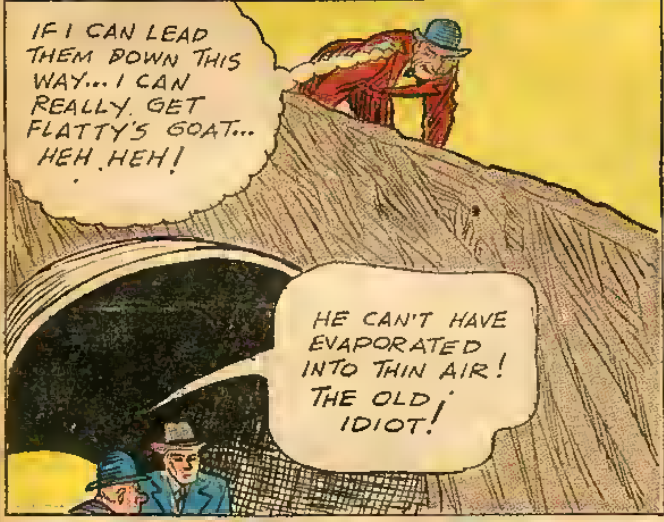
HE'LL PROBABLY  
TRY TO DUCK  
US IN THIS  
CULVERT...



RIDICULOUS,  
EH? THEN  
WHERE IS  
HE? STOP  
HERE, DRIVER!


THAT'S TOO BAD...  
JUST IN TIME FOR  
ME TO MAKE MY  
APPOINTMENT AT THE  
DENTIST... AH, ME...  
I NEVER HAVE  
ANY LUCK!

SCREECH!




IF I CAN LEAD  
THEM DOWN THIS  
WAY... I CAN  
REALLY GET  
FLATTY'S GOAT...  
HEH, HEH!

HE CAN'T HAVE  
EVAPORATED  
INTO THIN AIR!  
THE OLD  
IDIOT!



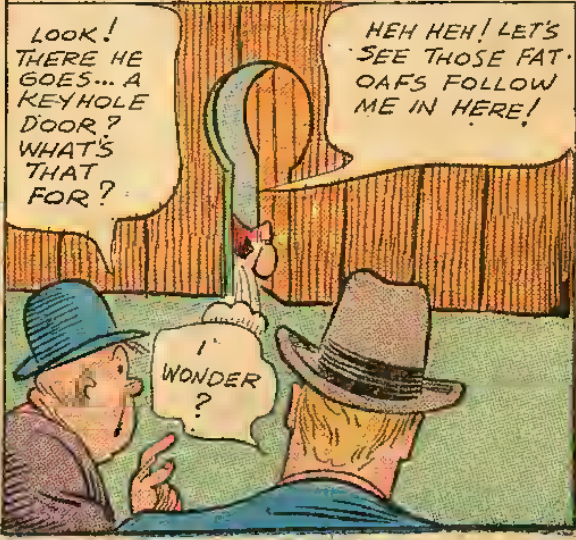
STICKS AND  
STONES MAY  
BREAK MY  
BONES BUT  
WORDS WILL  
NEVER HURT  
ME!

LOOK OUT...  
HE'S UP  
THERE!



THAT WAS A  
LITTLE CLOSE!  
WHEW...

I'LL GET HIM  
IF IT'S THE  
LAST THING  
I EVER DO!

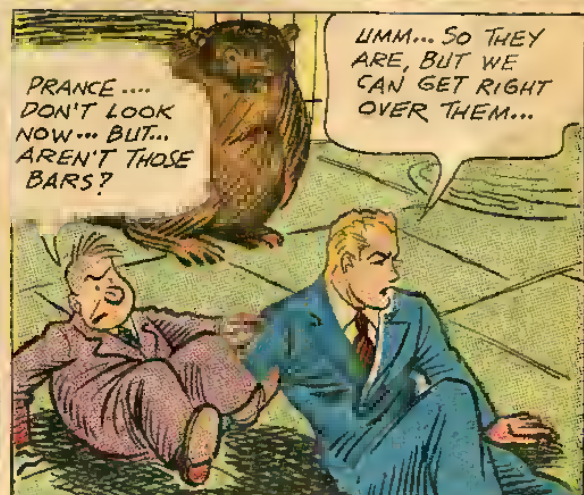
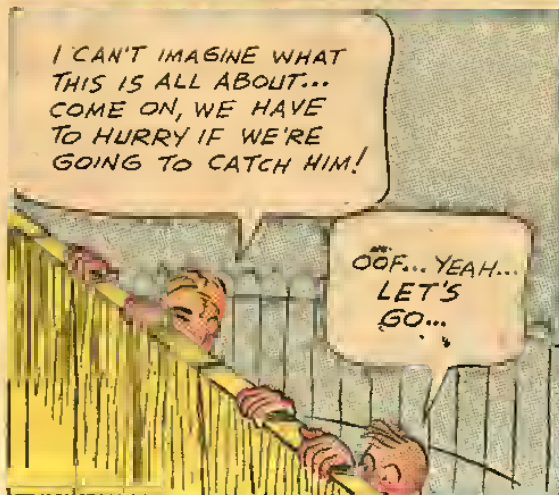
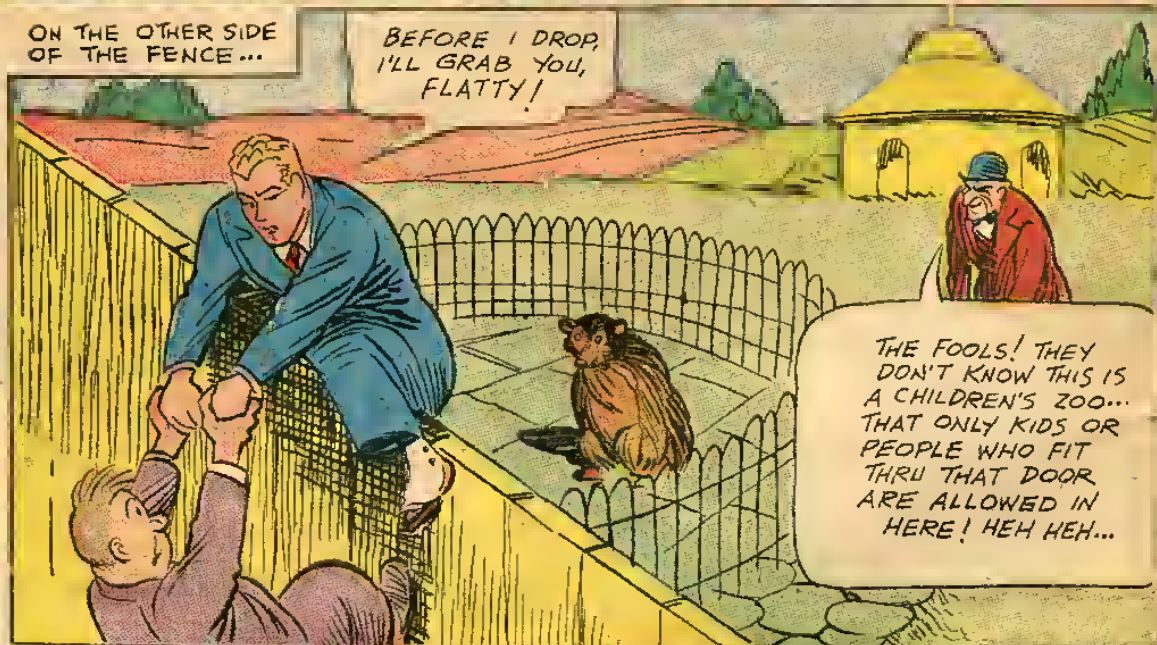
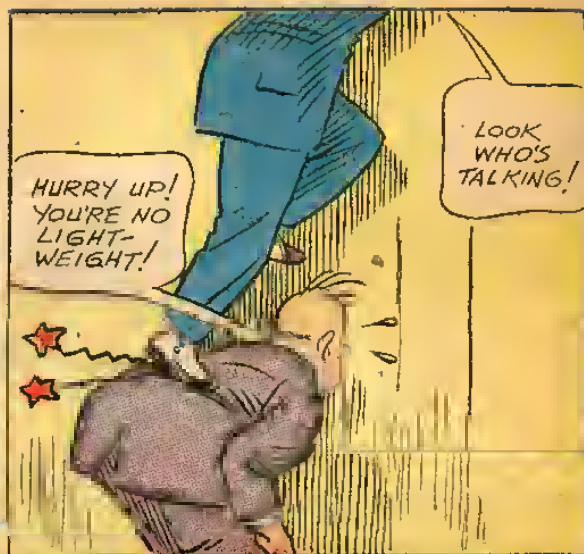
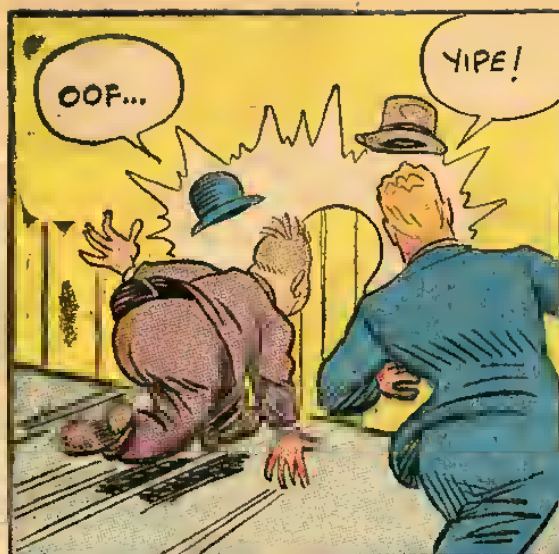


LOOK!  
THERE HE  
GOES... A  
KEYHOLE  
DOOR?  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
FOR?

HEH HEH! LET'S  
SEE THOSE FAT  
OAFS FOLLOW  
ME IN HERE!

I  
WONDER  
?



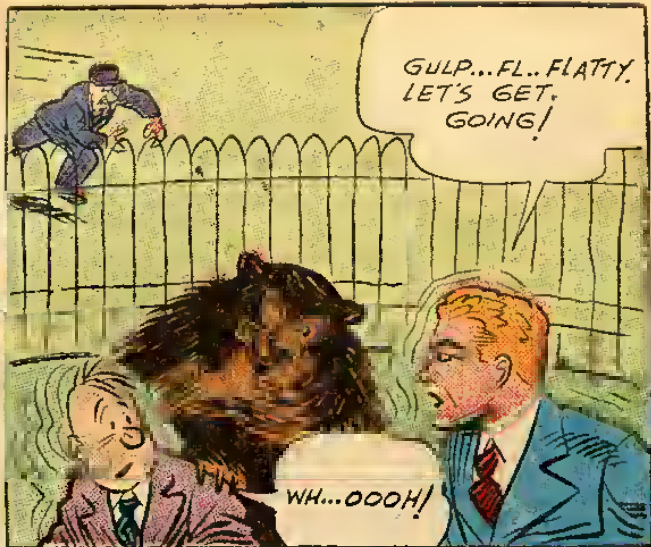






REALLY, FLATTY, YOU SHOULD MAKE AN EFFORT TO SHAVE MORE OFTEN! YOUR FACE FEELS LIKE A GRIZZLY BEAR'S!

ARE YOU NUTS? I SHAVED JUST BEFORE WE LEFT. HEY! YOUR HAND ISN'T NEAR MY FACE!



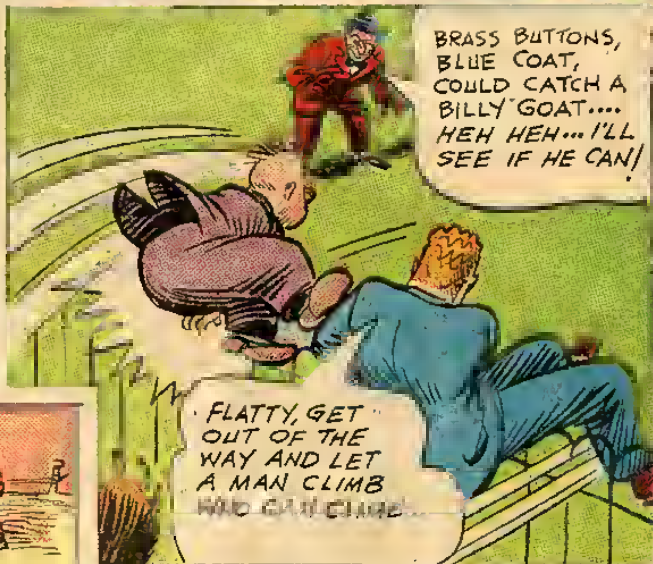
GULP... FL.. FLATTY. LET'S GET GOING!

WH...OOOH!



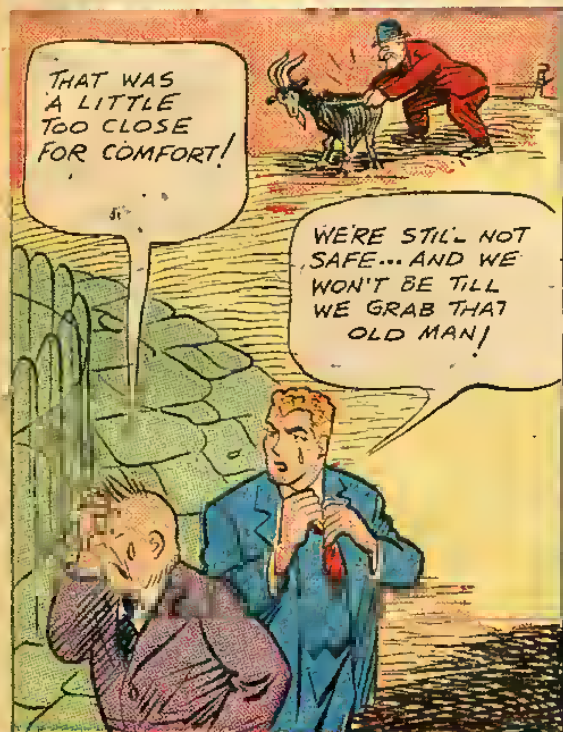
HEY, YOU TWO! CAN'T YOU READ THE SIGNS? IT'S NOT ALLOWED TO FEED THE ANIMALS!

A COMEDIAN! HE THINKS WE'RE FEEDING THE ANIMAL... HEY! MAYBE WE ARE.



BRASS BUTTONS, BLUE COAT, COULD CATCH A BILLY GOAT.... HEH HEH... I'LL SEE IF HE CAN!

FLATTY, GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET A MAN CLIMB WHO CAN CLIMB...



THAT WAS A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

WE'RE STILL NOT SAFE... AND WE WON'T BE TILL WE GRAB THAT OLD MAN!



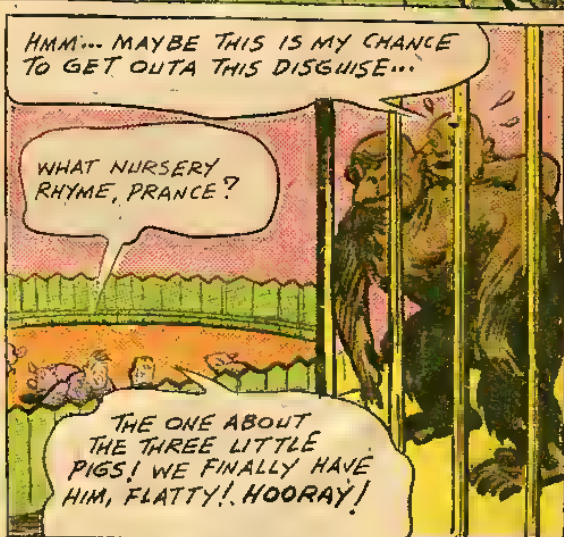
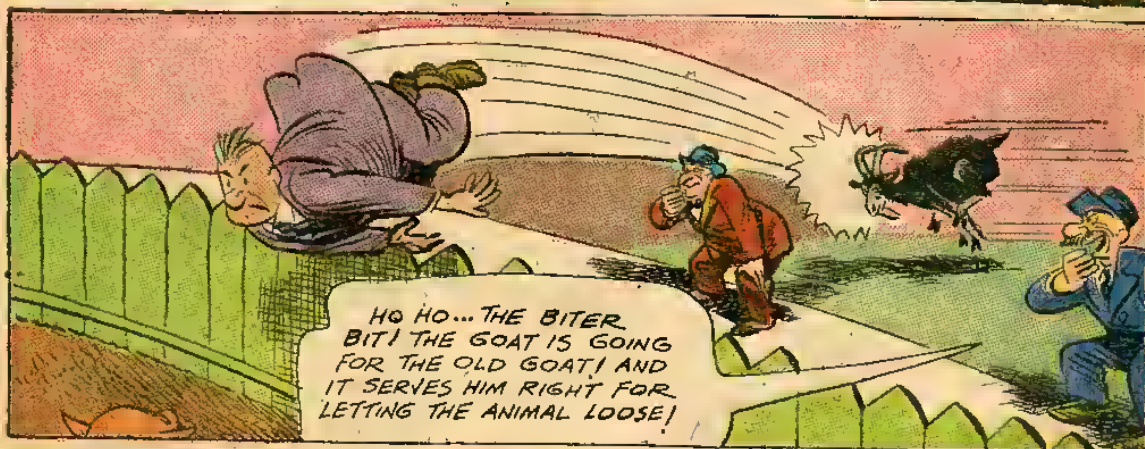
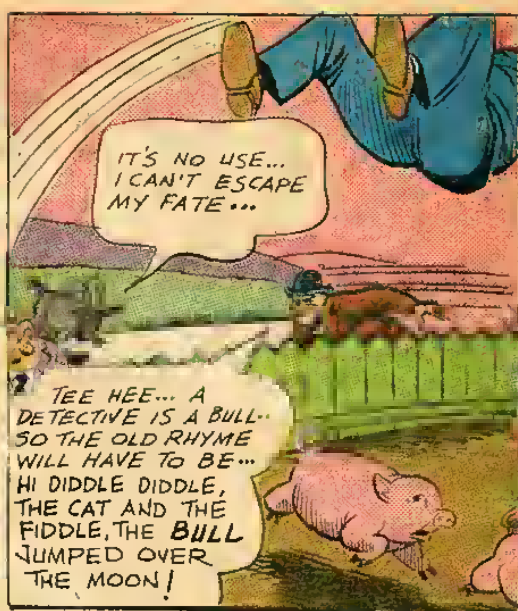
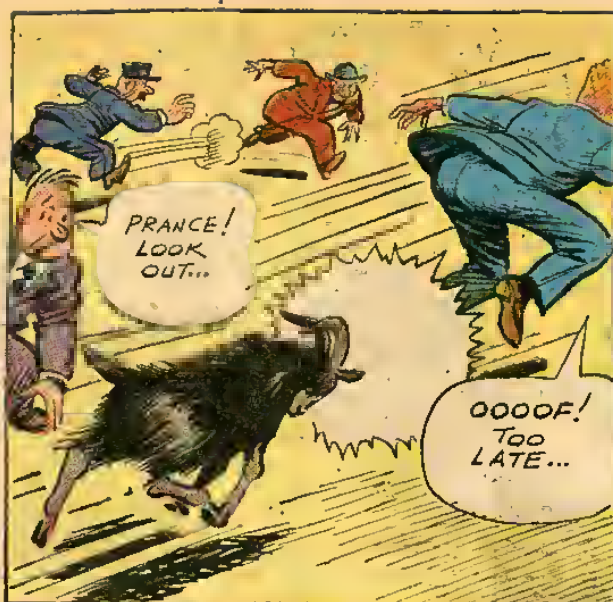
RAGING MAD, A NEW FIGURE ENTERS THE SCENE!

I SAW YOU LET THAT GOAT LOOSE, YOU OLD GOAT!

OH NO...

OH YES...





... BUT, IF FLATTY AND PRANCE KNEW WHAT THE GORILLA MAN HAD IN STORE FOR THEM, THEY WOULDN'T FEEL SO GOOD..



# THE MYSTERY OF THE \$5,000 WANT AD <sup>99</sup>

WILL LADY IN WHOSE APARTMENT GENTLEMAN LOST \$5,000 SATURDAY NIGHT PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH THIS ADVERTISER.—BOX 6-A, TIMES-NEWS OFFICE—

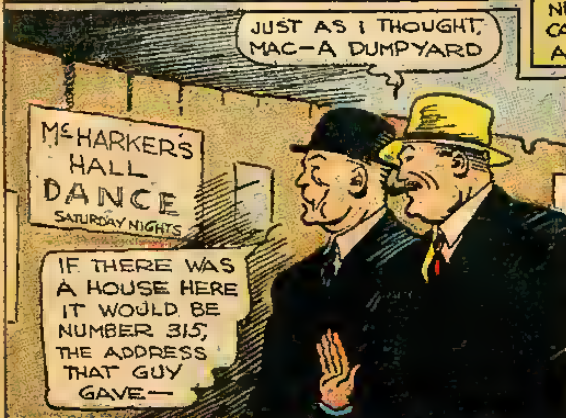
ANOTHER THRILLING NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE OF "BING" DALGREN, FAMOUS STAR REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHED.



CHIEF, HERE'S AS PRETTY A STORY AS OUR SHEET HAS EVER BUMBLED INTO—

IT LOOKS LIKE A PHONY TO ME, BING—

FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE DAYS IN SEPT., 1935, THIS 'AD' RAN IN THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE TIMES-NEWS—OF COURSE, THE POLICE AS WELL AS BING DALGREN SAW IT—

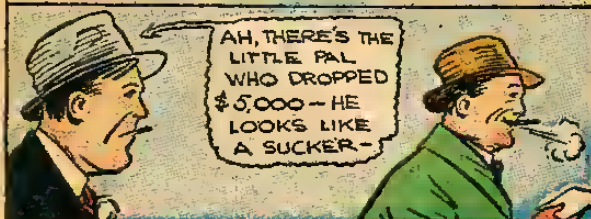


JUST AS I THOUGHT, MAC—A DUMPYARD

McHARKER'S HALL  
DANCE  
SATURDAY NIGHTS

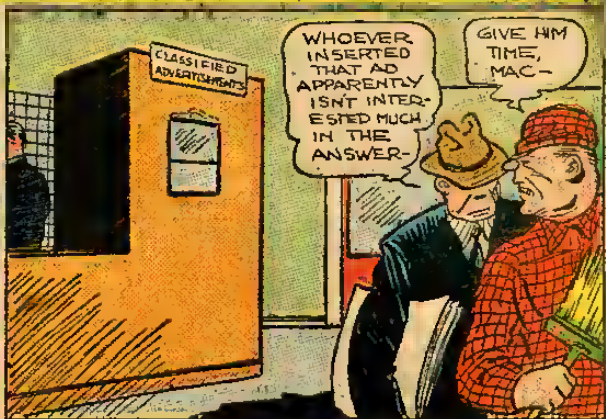
IF THERE WAS A HOUSE HERE IT WOULD BE NUMBER 315, THE ADDRESS THAT GUY GAVE—

THIS WATCH WAS MAINTAINED FOR TWO WEEKS—NOBODY CALLED FOR A REPLY—CHECKING WITH THE CLERK WHO HAD ACCEPTED THE "AD" IT WAS FOUND THAT THE ADVERTISER HAD GIVEN A FALSE RESIDENCE ADDRESS TO THE CLERK—



AH, THERE'S THE LITTLE PAL WHO DROPPED \$5,000—HE LOOKS LIKE A SUCKER—

ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON OBSERVED THE MAN WHO RECEIVED THE LETTER—BING DALGREN—



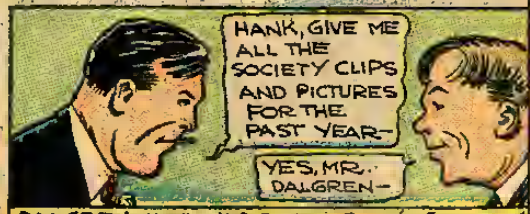
WHOEVER INSERTED THAT AD APPARENTLY ISN'T INTERESTED MUCH IN THE ANSWER—

GIVE HIM TIME, MAC—

FOLLOWING POLICE ROUTINE, DETECTIVES WATCHED THE ADVERTISEMENT COUNTER IN THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE HOPING THAT SOMEONE WOULD CALL FOR THE RESPONSE—IF ANY—NO LETTER AND NO CALLER APPEARED—



ONE MONTH LATER JUST AS THE CLERKS WERE READY TO CLOSE THE ADVERTISING OFFICE AND NO DETECTIVES WERE PRESENT, A GENTLEMAN INQUIRED FOR A LETTER, ADDRESSED TO BOX 6-A—THE CLERK HANDED HIM A LETTER—IT READ AS ABOVE—



HANK, GIVE ME ALL THE SOCIETY CLIPS AND PICTURES FOR THE PAST YEAR—

YES, MR. DALGREN—

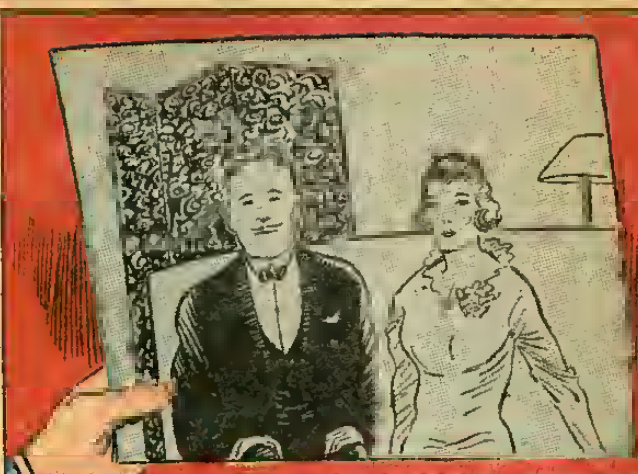
DALGREN HASTENED TO THE PAPER'S 'MORGUE' WHERE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS WERE FILED—



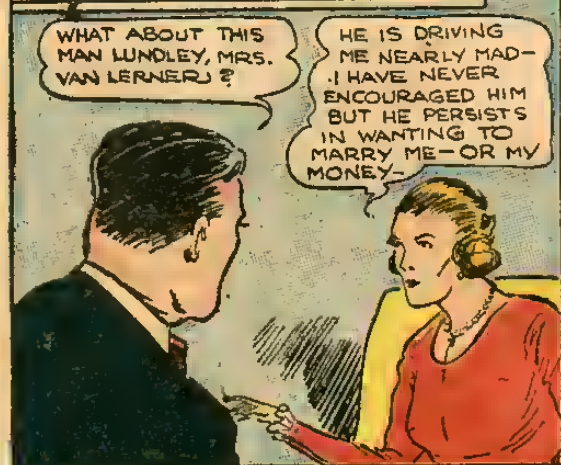


UM—THE  
SAME GUY  
WHO WAS AT  
THE COUNTER—

STUDYING SCORES OF PHOTOGRAPHS  
BING NOTED THAT SEVERAL REVEALED  
THE PICTURE OF THE MAN HE HAD SEEN  
AT THE ADVERTISEMENT COUNTER—  
IN EACH CASE HE HAD BEEN PHOTO-  
GRAPHED WITH GROUPS OF THE  
WEALTHY SPORTING SET—HIS NAME  
WAS J.S. (JACK) LUNDLEY.



A MORE RECENT PHOTO SHOWED HIM SEATED WITH  
A MRS. DIANE VAN LERNER, A RICH YOUNG WIDOW—MRS.  
VAN LERNER LIVED IN A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT IN  
THE SMART PART OF THE CITY AND OFTEN GAVE GAY  
PARTIES—OF COURSE MRS. VAN LERNER MUST KNOW HIM—



WHAT ABOUT THIS  
MAN LUNDLEY, MRS.  
VAN LERNER?

HE IS DRIVING  
ME NEARLY MAD—  
I HAVE NEVER  
ENCOURAGED HIM  
BUT HE PERSISTS  
IN WANTING TO  
MARRY ME—OR MY  
MONEY—

BING DALGREN IMMEDIATELY INTERVIEWED  
MRS. VAN LERNER— SHE KNEW PLENTY  
ABOUT MR. LUNDLEY— HE WANTED TO  
MARRY HER AND WAS EVEN USING THREATS  
AND BLACKMAIL TO ACHIEVE HIS PURPOSE —



ALAN, THEY SAY  
THE SHOOTING IS  
BETTER ON THE  
WEST SIDE OF THE  
NORTH BEND RIVER—  
LET'S CROSS  
IT—

SHE TOLD DALGREN THAT HER LATE HUSBAND,  
ALAN VAN LERNER, A WEALTHY BROKER, AND  
LUNDLEY HAD BEEN INTIMATE FRIENDS—  
SIX YEARS AGO THE TWO MEN HAD GONE  
ON A HUNTING TRIP TOGETHER UP NORTH—



AL—AL!

WHILE CROSSING THE  
NORTH BEND RIVER  
VAN LERNER FELL INTO  
THE FAST-RUSHING WATER—



LUNDLEY ATTEMPTED TO  
SAVE HIS FRIEND BUT  
THE RAPIDS WERE TOO  
MIGHTY— VAN LERNER WAS  
SWEEPED DOWN THE RIVER —



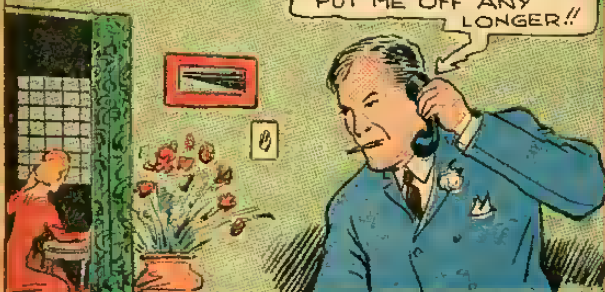
HELP!  
HELP!

LUNDLEY HASTENED TO GET HELP  
BUT BY THAT TIME VAN LERNER  
HAD DISAPPEARED AND THE BODY  
NEVER FOUND—THE OFFICIAL VERDICT  
WAS "DEATH BY DROWNING"—



AT LEAST THAT WAS THE STORY LUNDLEY RELATED UPON HIS RETURN AND HE WAS THE ONLY EYE-WITNESS.

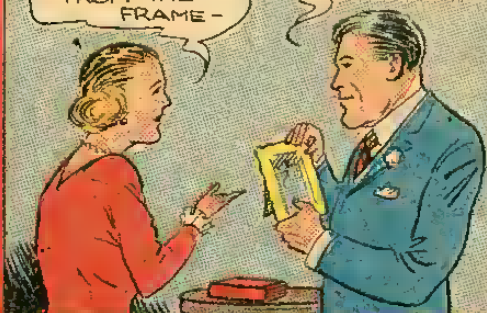
OF COURSE I PUT THAT AD IN THE PAPER, DIANE—I MEAN BUSINESS—IF YOU DON'T MARRY ME I'LL DO MORE THAN MERELY RUN AN AD—YOU'D BETTER WAKE UP—YOU CAN'T PUT ME OFF ANY LONGER!!



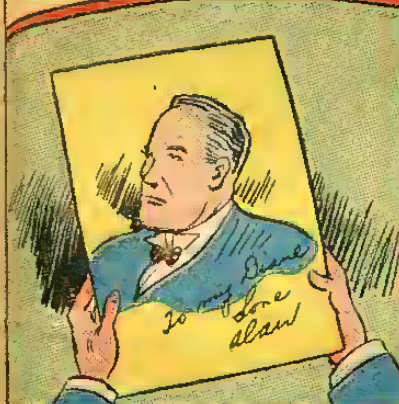
WHILE TALKING TO MRS. VAN LERNER (THIS WAS A TUESDAY AFTERNOON) THE PHONE RANG—MRS. VAN LERNER ASKED DALGREN TO LISTEN IN ON AN EXTENSION LINE IN ANOTHER ROOM WHILE SHE TALKED WITH LUNDLEY WHOSE CALL SHE EXPECTED—READ ABOVE WHAT BING HEARD—

YES, YOU MAY TAKE THAT PHOTO OF ALAN—JUST REMOVE IT FROM THE FRAME—

THANK YOU, MRS. VAN LERNER—I'LL RETURN IT LATER—



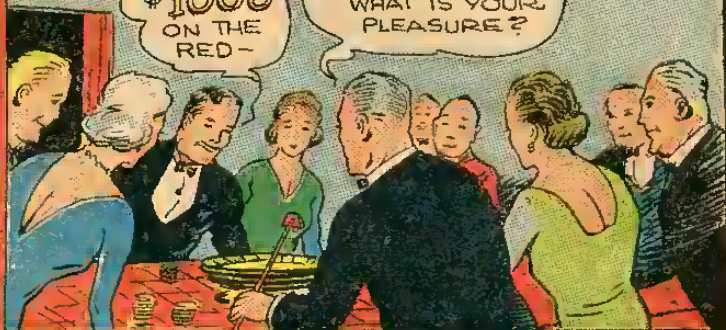
HERE WAS A CLEAR CASE OF BLACK-MAIL IN A VICIOUS FORM—DALGREN ASKED IF HE MIGHT BORROW A PHOTO OF THE LATE MR. VAN LERNER—MRS. VAN LERNER AGREED—



HE STUDIED THE PICTURE LONG AND EARNESTLY IN HIS APARTMENT—THE DEAD MAN HAD A STRONG, FORCEFUL FACE—MRS. VAN LERNER HAD SAID HE WAS AN EXPERT SWIMMER—

\$1000 ON THE RED—

ALLRIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—WHAT IS YOUR PLEASURE?



IT WAS UNFORTUNATELY TRUE THAT MRS. VAN LERNER HAD HAD A ROULETTE PARTY FOR HIGH STAKES AT HER HOME FOR PERSONAL FRIENDS SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE—A CLEAR VIOLATION OF THE NEW YORK LAW AND LUNDLEY HAD LOST \$5,000.00—HE COULD REPORT IT AND CAUSE MRS. VAN LERNER PLENTY OF TROUBLE—

CHIEF, WE'RE GOING TO "BREAK" A HONEY OF A STORY—IT WILL BLOW THE LID OFF THE TOWN!

NOT A MARRIAGE OF TWO GORILLAS I HOPE, BING—



DALGREN CONFERRED WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY—MR. FEELEY WAS GETTING USED TO BING DALGREN'S WILD HUNCHES—

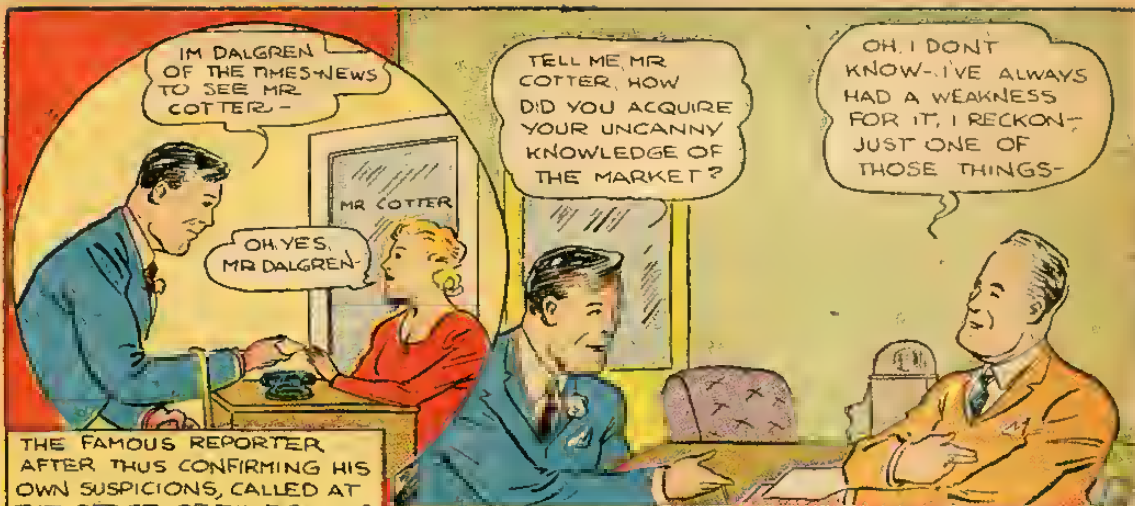
TOMMY, WHO IS THAT PLUNKER WHO'S KICKING THE LAMBS AROUND IN THE MARKET?

HE'S A NEW MAN, BING—NAME'S JOHN COTTER—AND HE'S DRIVING ALL THE BULLS AND BEARS CRAZY ON THE STREET, TOO—



BING EXAMINED THE FINANCIAL PAGES OF THE PAPERS AND THEN VISITED A FRIEND OF HIS IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT—THIS FRIEND HAD TIPPED DALGREN OFF TO MANY IMPORTANT STORIES—





IM DALGREN  
OF THE TIMES-NEWS  
TO SEE MR  
COTTER. -

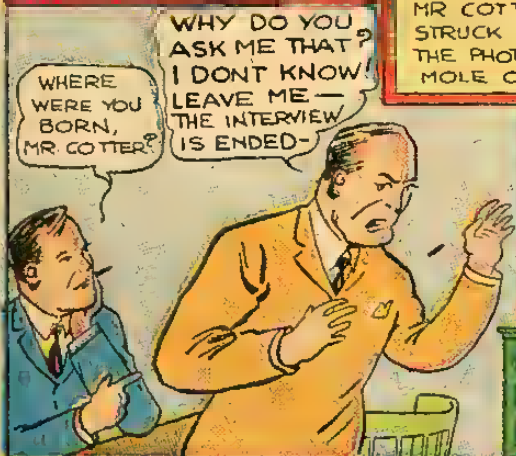
OH, YES,  
MR DALGREN.

TELL ME, MR  
COTTER, HOW  
DID YOU ACQUIRE  
YOUR UNCANNY  
KNOWLEDGE OF  
THE MARKET?

OH, I DONT  
KNOW- I'VE ALWAYS  
HAD A WEAKNESS  
FOR IT, I RECKON-  
JUST ONE OF  
THOSE THINGS-

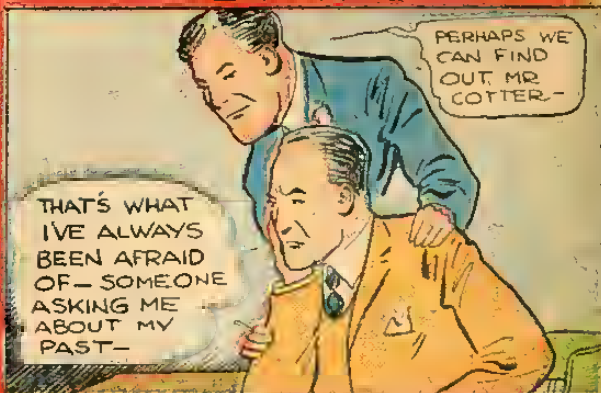
THE FAMOUS REPORTER,  
AFTER THUS CONFIRMING HIS  
OWN SUSPICIONS, CALLED AT  
THE OFFICE OF THE FABULOUS  
MARKET OPERATOR, JOHN COTTER-

DALGREN SAT ACROSS THE DESK FROM JOHN COTTER.  
FOR THE USUAL SORT OF INTERVIEW - THE MODEST  
MR COTTER GAVE THE USUAL REPLIES - DALGREN WAS  
STRUCK BY THE UNUSUAL RESEMBLANCE OF COTTER TO  
THE PHOTOGRAPH OF ALAN VAN LERNER - EVEN TO A SMALL  
MOLE ON HIS NECK -



WHERE  
WERE YOU  
BORN,  
MR. COTTER?

WHY DO YOU  
ASK ME THAT?  
I DONT KNOW!  
LEAVE ME -  
THE INTERVIEW  
IS ENDED -



PERHAPS WE  
CAN FIND  
OUT, MR.  
COTTER. -

THAT'S WHAT  
I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN AFRAID  
OF - SOMEONE  
ASKING ME  
ABOUT MY  
PAST -

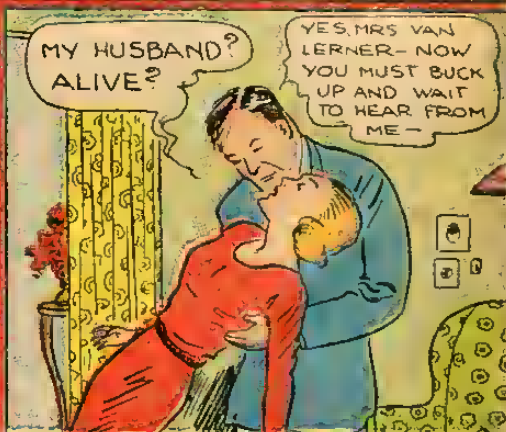
THEN THE BRILLIANT NEWSMAN "WENT TO  
WORK" ON COTTER - BING SPOTTED HIM  
SOME QUESTIONS WITH STARTLING  
RESULTS -

DALGREN SOOTHINGLY, TACTFULLY, PREVAILED UPON  
COTTER TO SUBMIT HIMSELF TO AN EXAMINATION  
BY A LEADING MEDICAL SCIENTIST -  
COTTER, FINALLY AGREED -



DALGREN'S FOUND  
THE MISSING  
VAN LERNER!  
HE SAYS DONT RUN  
A STORY ON IT  
YET, DAVE!

BING MUST  
BE NUTS, CHIEF -  
VAN LERNER DROWNED  
SIX YEARS AGO!



MY HUSBAND?  
ALIVE?

YES, MRS VAN  
LERNER - NOW  
YOU MUST BUCK  
UP AND WAIT  
TO HEAR FROM  
ME -

DALGREN PHONED HIS CHIEF THAT HE BELIEVED  
HE HAD FOUND THE "DEAD" ALAN VAN LERNER -  
FEELEY WAS DUMBSTRUCK -

BING THEN INFORMED MRS VAN LERNER  
OF HIS SUSPICIONS AND SWORE HER  
TO SECRECY - MRS VAN LERNER FAINTED  
UPON RECEIVING THIS NEWS -

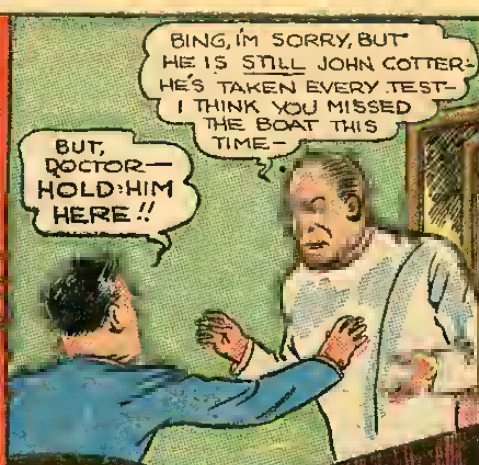




DOCTOR, MY FRIEND DALGREN THINKS I NEED SOME KIND OF ATTENTION—

THIS IS MR. COTTER, DOCTOR—

WELL, BING USUALLY HAS SOME STRANGE IDEAS— COME IN, MR. COTTER—



BING, I'M SORRY, BUT HE IS STILL JOHN COTTER— HE'S TAKEN EVERY TEST— I THINK YOU MISSED THE BOAT THIS TIME—

BUT, DOCTOR— HOLD HIM HERE!!

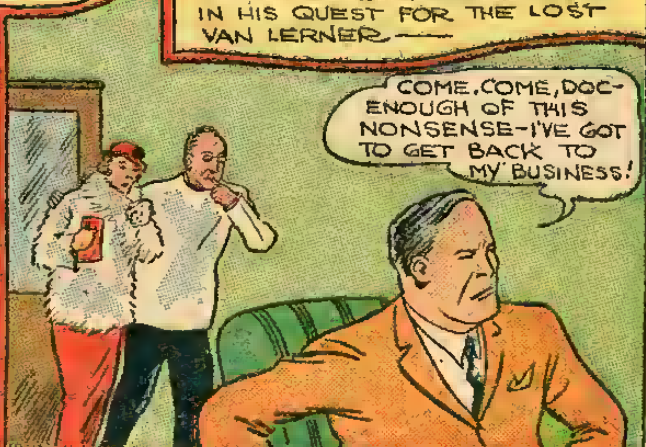
BING DALGREN HAD MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR. FRANK J. HENRY, NOTED MEDICAL SCIENTIST AND JOHN COTTER— DALGREN ACCOMPANIED COTTER TO THE OFFICE OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN—

BING WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR AN HOUR WHEN DR. HENRY CAME OUT TO HIS RECEPTION ROOM AND SPOKE TO DALGREN— IT LOOKED HOPELESS— BING SEEMED BEATEN IN HIS QUEST FOR THE LOST VAN LERNER—



YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. DALGREN?

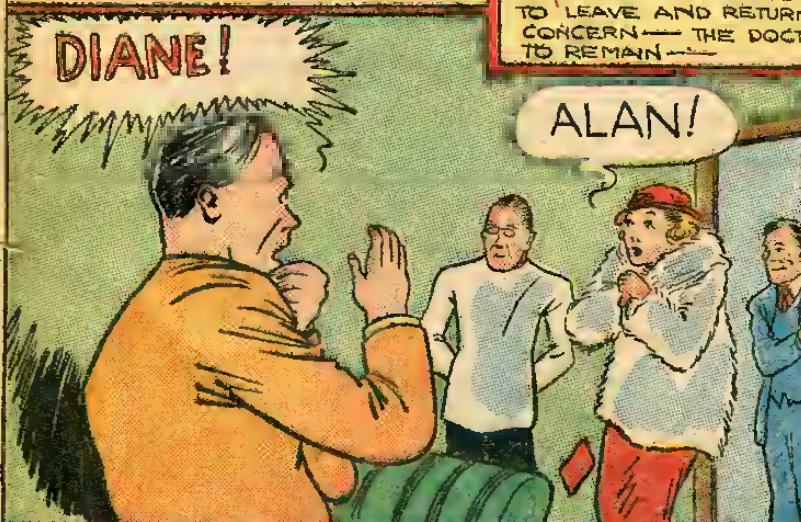
YES, COME IN, MRS. VAN LERNER, AND PLEASE BE CALM—



COME, COME, DOC— ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE— I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY BUSINESS!

UNDISMAYED, BING HURRIEDLY SENT FOR DIANE VAN LERNER— THE DISTRESSED LADY HASTENED TO DR. HENRY'S OFFICE—

THE FAMOUS PHYSICIAN THEN SYMPATHETICALLY LED HER INTO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE WHERE JOHN COTTER WAS SITTING— COTTER WAS EAGER TO LEAVE AND RETURN TO HIS BROKERAGE CONCERN— THE DOCTOR PREVAILED UPON HIM TO REMAIN—



DIANE!

ALAN!



AND CHIEF, AS SOON AS THE COPS GRAB LUNDLEY YOU CAN BREAK THE STORY WIDE OPEN BEFORE ANYBODY GETS IT— MORE TO COME—

SUDDENLY THERE OCCURRED A DRAMATIC NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SCENE— JOHN COTTER'S CLOSED MENTAL DOORS OPENED— HE RECOGNIZED DIANE AS HIS WIFE— YES, ALAN VAN LERNER CAME BACK TO HIMSELF AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED—

DALGREN QUICKLY DID TWO THINGS— FIRST HE PHONED HIS EDITOR TO HAVE THE STORY SET UP— NEXT, HE NOTIFIED THE POLICE TO PICK UP JACK LUNDLEY WHOSE ADDRESS HE NOW KNEW!



ALAN  
VAN LERNER!!

YES—THE  
MAN YOU  
"KILLED"!

ALAN, OLD  
CHAP—YOU  
KNOW I COULD  
FALL IN LOVE  
WITH DIANE  
QUITE EASILY,  
MYSELF.

YOU DEAR OLD  
PAL— ALWAYS  
LADY-KILLING,  
AREN'T YOU?—  
WHAT A MAN—

AN HOUR LATER ONE JACK LUNDLEY WAS  
TAKEN TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE  
WHERE HE WAS ASTOUNDED TO SEE THE  
"GHOST" OF ALAN VAN LERNER —  
VAN LERNER, NOW OUT OF HIS MENTAL  
FOG, IDENTIFIED HIS FORMER FRIEND —

MR. VAN LERNER TOLD HOW LUNDLEY AND  
HE HAD GONE ON A HUNTING TRIP IN  
THE NORTH WOODS—HE RECALLED THAT  
LUNDLEY WAS ALWAYS ATTENTIVE TO MRS.  
VAN LERNER BUT HE (VAN LERNER) NEVER  
TOOK IT SERIOUSLY BECAUSE LUNDLEY WAS  
HIS FRIEND —

JACK-  
JACK!!

WHO AM I?  
WHERE AM I?

THE LAST VAN LERNER REMEMBERED UNTIL TODAY  
WAS LUNDLEY SWINGING DOWN UPON HIS HEAD  
A HEAVY LOG—AND THEN OBIVION—(THINKING  
HE HAD KILLED VAN LERNER LUNDLEY FLED  
FROM THE SPOT AND TOLD HIS PHONY STORY,  
IT LATER DEVELOPED)

WHEN VAN LERNER RECOVERED CON-  
SCIOUSNESS ALL MEMORY OF HIMSELF  
AND WHO HE WAS HAD VANISHED—  
HE STARTED A NEW LIFE—  
LUNDLEY WAS CONVICTED OF "ATTEMPT  
TO KILL" AND GOT A LONG TERM—

BING, WHAT  
WAS THE  
REAL LOW-  
DOWN ON THE  
VAN LERNER  
CASE?

I KNEW THAT VAN LERNER HAD  
BEEN A LONG DISTANCE SWIMMING  
CHAMPION AND WATER POLO STAR WHICH  
MEANS POWER AND COURAGE—HE WAS UN-  
LIKELY NOT TO FIGHT TO SWIM TO THE  
SHORE OF THAT NARROW RIVER— THE  
MINUTE I COMPARED HIS PHOTO WITH SPORT  
PICTURES I WAS SURE—  
I'D SEEN HIM DOWN IN  
WALL ST. LATELY. NATURALLY  
I CHECKED UP ON HIM—  
THAT'S ALL THERE WAS  
TO IT— HAVE A  
CIGARETTE?

AFTER DALGREN HAD RECEIVED THE CONGRATULATIONS  
OF THE POLICE, HE TOLD SOMETHING CONCERNING HIS  
PART IN THE CAPTURE OF LUNDLEY—



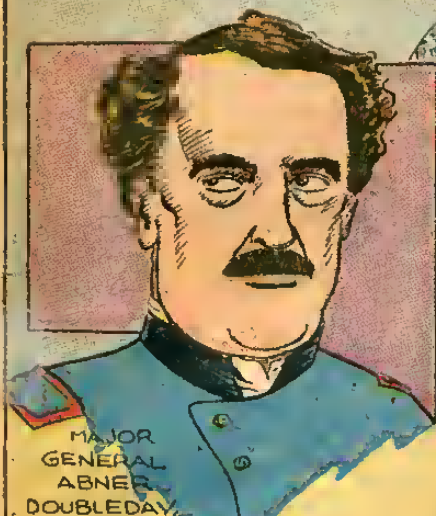
BING DALGREN HAD SCOOPED  
THE BIG TOWN AGAIN —

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS  
STORY ARE FICTITIOUS ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL  
PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



# THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

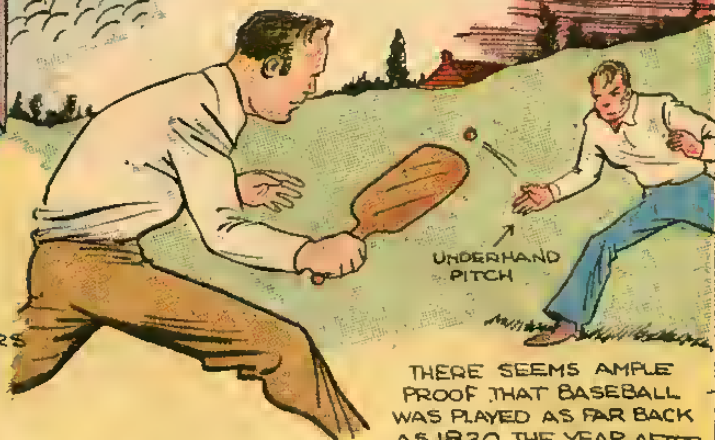
WITH THORNTON FISHER



MAJOR GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY

ABOUT WHOM HAS RAGED A HEATED SPORTS CONTROVERSY—DID HE "INVENT" THE GAME OF BASE-BALL? SOME SAY "YES"—OTHERS SAY "NO"—

ABNER DOUBLEDAY WAS BORN AT BALLSTON SPA, N.Y., JUNE 26, 1819—GRADUATED FROM THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, JUNE, 1842—SERVED IN THE MEXICAN AND SEMINOLE WARS—HE WAS A CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY AT FORT SUMPTER WHEN IT WAS FIRED ON AT THE OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR—WAS MADE BRIGADIER GENERAL AND LATER MAJOR GENERAL—FOUGHT WITH DISTINCTION AT FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE AND GETTYSBURG. HE DIED, JANUARY 27, 1893 AT MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY—



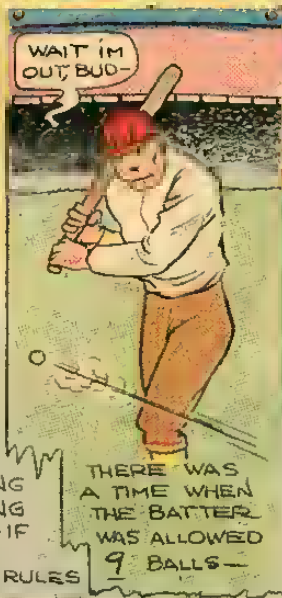
THERE SEEMS AMPLE PROOF THAT BASEBALL WAS PLAYED AS FAR BACK AS 1820, THE YEAR AFTER DOUBLEDAY WAS BORN—THE CLUB RESEMBLED AN ENGLISH CRICKET BAT—



SOME AUTHORITIES CONTEND THAT ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT DESIGNED THE BASEBALL DIAMOND (1846) AS WE KNOW IT TODAY AND ORIGINATED THE IDEA OF HAVING 9 MEN ON A SIDE—



THE EARLY GAME WAS ROUGH—DEFENDING PLAYERS THREW A SIZZLING BALL AT THE RUNNER—IF HIT HE WAS OUT, ACCORDING TO THE RULES



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE BATTER WAS ALLOWED 9 BALLS—



STAKES WERE FIRST USED FOR BASES—LATER STONES TOOK THEIR PLACES—

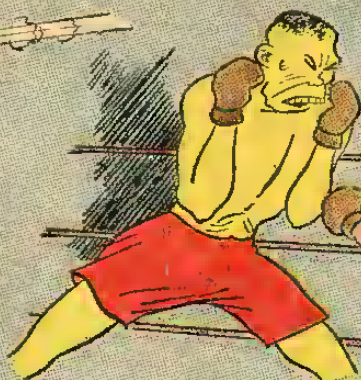
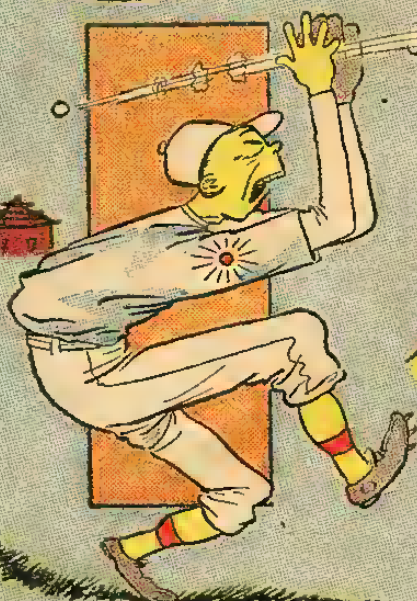
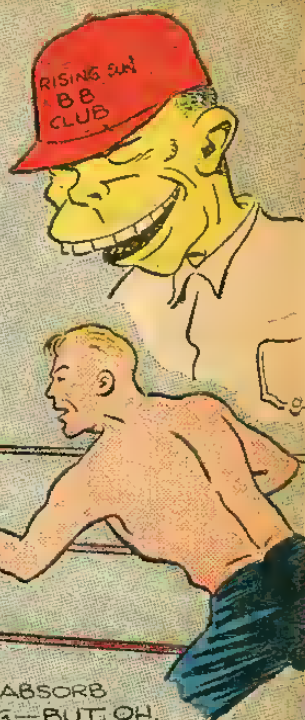


# THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

## OUR "SPORTING" ENEMY, THE JAP

WITH THORNTON FISHER

A NATION OF SPORTS  
IMITATORS & 'COPY-CATS'



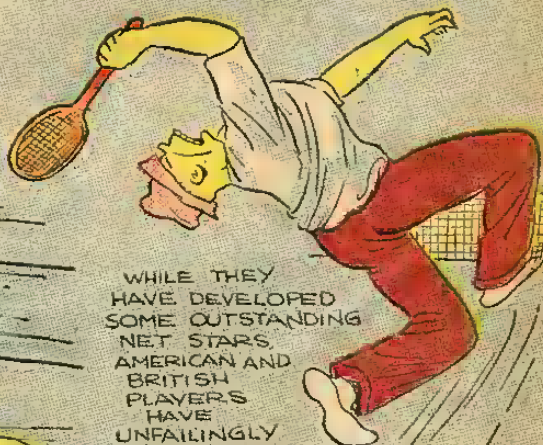
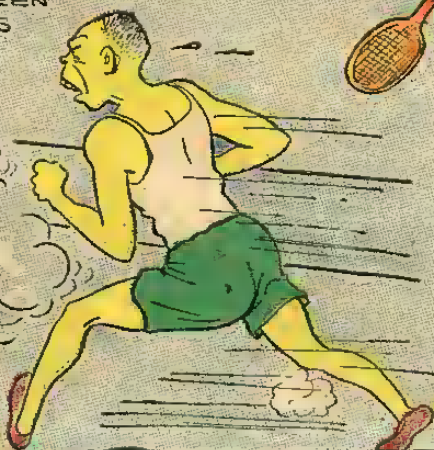
THEY TRIED TO ABSORB  
AMERICAN BOXING—BUT, OH,  
BOY—I ONCE WITNESSED A BOUT BETWEEN  
A NIP AND AN AMERICAN—AFTER 30  
SECONDS OF FIGHTING IN THE 3RD  
ROUND THE NIP  
"TERROR" TOOK THE  
COUNT—



BANZAI!

MORE THAN A SCORE OF  
YEARS AGO JOHN MCGRAW,  
MANAGER OF THE GIANTS, TOOK  
A BASEBALL TEAM TO JAPAN—  
THE NIPS WERE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT  
MAKING BASEBALL A NATIONAL SPORT—  
THEY ORGANIZED CLUBS—BUT  
THEY PROVED TO BE PUNKS AT  
THE GAME—JUST TOKYO TUMBLE-TOMS—

IN TRACK MEETS  
THEY HAVE BEEN  
CONSPICUOUS  
FLOPS—



WHILE THEY  
HAVE DEVELOPED  
SOME OUTSTANDING  
NET STARS,  
AMERICAN AND  
BRITISH  
PLAYERS  
HAVE  
UNFAILINGLY  
GIVEN THEM  
GOOD  
BEATINGS—



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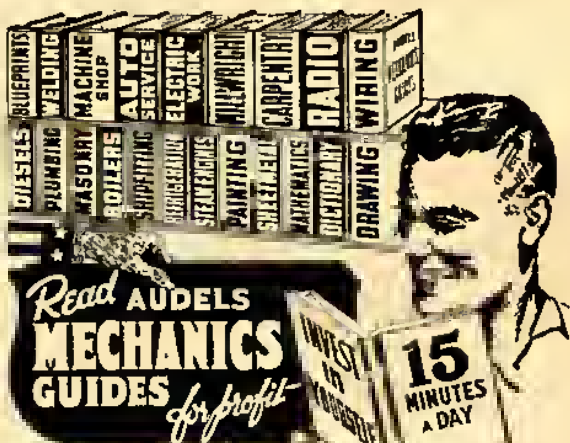
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